

Maclean's

SUPER HEROES

A sixteen-page Olympic special



Interview

With Senator Walter Mondale

Jimmy Carter's final decision after receiving the Democratic nomination for the U.S. Presidency was to name Senator Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota as his vice-presidential running mate. Of Scandinavian background and a devoted advocate of the Progressive Party, Mondale's politics represent the small-town attitude of reform through nonsectarian compromise rather than any solitary championing of ill-fated great causes. He suggests just these reforms he believes can be won. After serving as a corporal during the Korean War, he attended Minnesota Law School and in 1960 was appointed state attorney general. Four years later, when Hubert Humphrey became vice-president, Mondale was chosen to serve out his senatorial term and has since been twice reelected with large majorities. During 1975, Mondale campaigned for the Presidential nomination but withdrew on November 21 by stating that he was not persuaded by the overwhelming desire to be President. Mondale is an entrepreneur but peevish politician. He occupies that brittle middle ground between those who advocate unbridled reforms of the system and its defenders. In this interview, with book space at his senatorial office in Washington, Mondale discusses some aspects of the Presidential campaign, the future of U.S. society and prospects for American-Canadian relations with Maclean's editor, Peter C. Newman.



MANY PEOPLE THINK THE BEST SOCIETY IS QUIET AND TRANQUIL. I'M NOT ONE OF THEM

You mentioned our Constitution was 208 years old, was there still a very shrewd document from the standpoint of human nature that is correctly perceived in its power in our present is very different. The ability of our government to handle reform and change was exceedingly dangerous. And that therefore you had to

Maclean's that it was only by accident that the scandal was revealed. Mondale: Well, yes, but what I feared was having once been discovered the system would not prove able to stem itself in a way to restore constitutional balance. It did. That's a very comforting and comforting fact which ought to make our neighbors feel very good about us even though admittedly they might not. And of course it depends on how you look at the world

divide government, put it under severe constraints requiring disclosure and perhaps accountability. It has proved to be a very profound and central document for anyone interested in individual liberty and a viable society.

Maclean's: You've provided a kind of personal revelation, in which you have been the rights to invent the kind of country it wanted to live in. Mondale: Yes it did. That's the other part of it. That's the point I was going to get to. I think a lot of people have a misapprehension notion that the best society is a totally unequal and quiet one. That's not true. In my opinion, if we're going to change, going to reform, it requires debate, it requires disclosure. It requires freedom of often fought in a healthy society the only hope for long-term progress.

Maclean's: So you don't believe there's more compromise in the U.S. system—just more disclosure?

Mondale: That's correct. We have proved that we can make mistakes, make an accountable, and it's a sound basis for being optimistic about the future of this country. Now, if we have this kind of system which is open and controversial with its checks and balances, it will come with the country's decision to pursue. It believes there are several factors at work. First, that the overall government has gotten too large or maybe too centralized, that it is more difficult to deliver services from the federal level than it was once thought possible. Second, that it's more difficult to achieve social progress through this centralized delivery of services. How do you expect power to be? How do you deal with economic problems? How do you reform prisons? How do you deal with housing? How do you clean up the air and the water? These things are much more difficult in many systems to implement, than we originally thought. And for this reason, I think the public wants to be more decentralized.

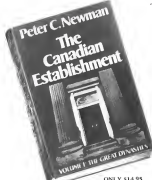
Maclean's: Not necessarily more decentralization?

Mondale: No. More decentral and more efficient and effective than we have been.

Maclean's: Is there such a thing as a computer system reform?

Mondale: I don't know. My friend Hubert Humphrey is very sure that if you read the Bible from the front page to the last, read the Gospels from the first to the last, they never mention the word efficiency.

Maclean's: In Canada we face a problem with your attitude that the American way should be the result of our work—now, perhaps we might be disappointed in at



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PETER C. NEWMAN's reputation is one of the finest in Canada. He has produced a series of books, including a just published book, *How to Beat the Odds*, which is a collection of his latest articles. Later he became a regular contributor to the *Maclean's* Daily Star and 30 other papers with a combined circulation of 2.5 million. He is also a member of the *Maclean's* Board of Directors and was a member of the *Maclean's* Board of Directors.

In the process, he has written a book, "The Politics of the State," which has been a major best-seller in Canada. He has also written a book, "The Politics of the State," which has been a major best-seller in Canada. He has also written a book, "The Politics of the State," which has been a major best-seller in Canada.

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Maclean: I think that too has also gone through a profound change, perhaps for the better. We ended World War II with the axiom that somehow our power to influence international events was unlimited, that our wisdom to know what was what either in land or abroad should be at hand or obtained and that if other countries knew what was best for them they would do as we do. I don't want to exaggerate this, but it was kind of a notion that we knew best what served the national interests of other peoples. That certainly was the Dulles policy. Other countries were either good or bad, Communist or non-Communist. There were no gray areas. We gave no ground to the national uniqueness of different nations. But the crucible of Vietnam taught us a very expensive but crucial lesson about the limits of our wisdom and the limits of our power—about the need that we have to be understanding and respectful of the history, the culture, and the national sensibility of other countries. It's a lesson that other Western powers learned a long time ago as their colonies collapsed.

Maclean: (If that kind of retreat from interventionism takes place, isn't it easy to slip into isolationism?)

Maclean: Yes, but I don't think we're doing that. We've entered the limits of our power. That's what the Angola trap was about. I don't think 10 years ago you could have had that resolution. It involved an expedition that the American people were sympathetic about: nationalistic about white-black issues, about what it really takes to have your own way in another country militarily. We use the word and the possibility for failure far more clearly than we could have in the pre-Vietnam era.

Maclean: Is probably your problem with Canada that because we don't appear that different you think we're the same. We suffer from the horror of a common language.

Maclean: Absolutely. But I hope a rational analysis is apparent in us concerning our relationship with Canada and vice versa as it is elsewhere. The old axiom was that Canada was the North of us and was to be taken for granted, that when we coughed you got pneumonia and therefore we would and that we'll march over problems with your resources and so on. These days are over and should be. I think we'd be wiser not to expect Canadians to pursue their own national interests, just as the Canadians would be wiser not to consider that we will do the same. But having said that, I still think there's a special relationship that exists, if for no other reason than that we have that long border between us. You're our largest trading partner and vice versa. There's just so much that requires us to try to understand each other. Not to an employer-employee relation or a master-servant relation, but as two important national sovereignties that must simply get along with each other. That involves dialogue at the highest level. That involves responsible leadership so that we don't slip the know-nothings in our legislative so-

cialist. It involves not expecting too much from each other. I don't think that it's obvious in the past 10 years that we've really made progress. We're making to do a little better. For example, I think Tim Enders is a first-rate choice as our new Canadian ambassador. I hope that we're getting more understanding, that the dialogue is intensifying and at a higher level.

Maclean: (What is the most important factor our two nations have in common?)

Maclean: Preservation of the democratic ideal. How can the Western-European democracies, Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, etc., the Scandinavian countries who have it, democ-

very good at and we're very poor at. Maybe we could take the lead more than we do now internationally in that field. You have a very high technology, we have a high technology. I'd like to see the United States and Canada doing more to help each other. These highly dangerous nuclear power plants. That certainly was a central issue, and while we may be saying things privately it's not coming across publicly.

Maclean: (What about the problem of arms?)

Maclean: Well, I think the United States is the leader there. I expect to vary. But we should stand together behind a long-term position of trying to get the arms-producing countries of the world to restrain sales of arms like that we should be more together on, not just for our national interests but for the sake of a more stable world.

Maclean: (How is American society changing? Who's in charge of the U.S. at the moment now?)

Maclean: The establishment, however it's defined, has been reborn in Washington and around Washington and has been in power for so long that no perceptions are not to be usually trusted. I mean the selling of David Walker's book *The New And The Broken*, these attacks on the establishment have created alarming skepticism. Also there was, of course, the failure of the Vietnam war, where the establishment tried very hard to keep the nation united together behind that effort.

Maclean: (Do you consider the whole concept of small "T" liberalism to be discarded?)

Maclean: No, I don't think so. The term liberalism, I wouldn't use that. I think there's still some profoundly shared concepts of social justice in that country that are not disappearing, they are moved, very much so. I saw some public opinion polls recently that asked Americans, "Are we spending too much?" and by and large they would say "Yes." "Do you want to cut the programs that are important for health, education, housing, etc?" Overwhelmingly the response was "No." "Are you really then far prudent and careful expenditure of funds to seek those objectives?" "Respect." "Yes." Well, that's not a bad guess. People are behind social reform, but they don't want to waste money. That's probably just about right.

Maclean: (Is Jimmy Carter's optimism fair to expect?)

Maclean: Yes, and he's continuing to stress the point that it's the people who are to be trusted.

Maclean: (It's a notion that runs right through American history—the idea of an inescapable tension between the people and their government.)

Maclean: The whole thrust of our Constitution is basically a distrust of government. The birth of this nation was a affirmation but a distrust of power. It was the people who were going to protect democracy and it was the government who was going to threaten it. Everything followed from that.

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OUR CONSTITUTION IS BASED ON THE PREMISE THAT GOVERNMENT IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED

any make it work? How can we make the democratic system more attractive to other nations, not to force it down their throats but to provide the example that makes us attractive? If we're to avoid the hypocrisy, we must persuade them. Mr. Lapointe called the Western tradition of civility. I would like to see us doing more together, for example, in the anti-nuclear and the nuclear field. We're both very responsible producers of agricultural products. It's amazing that you people are



THE NEW CANADIAN (P) (PHOTO BY GUY A. LOVAT)

Letters

A few of the reasons why them that has—like Bechtel—gets

I am surprised that in *Rollbacks* Inc. (June 28) Walter Stewart did not devote more attention to the root cause of the doom visited on "big dam" Canadian construction by American companies such as Bechtel. It lies in the power of American banks to dictate who will do the work on which the money they provide is spent. The signatories of the Golder MacNaughton, Fluor Corp., Bechtel, Williams Brothers, Commonwealth Services, etc., in a prospectus sold such prestige to a project that banks and developers are more easily placated with occasional buyers. This cuts the underwriter's selling costs by two thirds and doubles their underwriting profits. If you examine the prospectuses of Trans-Canada Pipelines, Westcoast Transmission, etc., you will see how the original feasibility studies and engineering cost projections were all by American companies. Canadian companies of equal competence could not even get into the rooms in which the game was being played.

Ironically enough the singular prestige of the American giant did not prevent a whole series of screw-ups in their carrying out of assignments. In Alberta, American designed gas processing plants developed outside stacks that fill over. Some gas reserves remain unproved to be commercially extract. Strangely enough these blunders never seemed to impair the reputations of the "prestige" outfit with the New York bankers. Perhaps the latter, having pocketed their underwriting commissions, were too preoccupied with new underwritings by the time the blunders were discovered.

An example of how things work in Canada was the effort made in 1956-60 to pro-

mote the construction of a crude oil pipeline from Alberta to Montreal. The first modern feasibility study of the project was done by George Farnwell, then a Canadian engineer employed by the Standard Oil Company of California in Calgary. When I published his study in the *Western Oil Economist* created as widespread an interest that a group of independent Canadian companies contemplated a Calgary engineering firm, Pyralis-Flavia Company, to do a more detailed study. The independent group was eventually expanded to attempt to promote the actual construction of the line. But Pyralis-Flavia was dropped from the project and a large American company retained because of the prestige the American company gave to the money markets of New York and to the Bowden Royal Commission which held hearings on the project.

The moral is that has been clear since the discovery of Leontis, and before. A country inclined to rely upon foreignness to finance the development of its natural resources must abandon all hope of ever developing the kind of engineering establishment which resources deserve and demand. For such a state of affairs we can credit the parliamentarism of the Trans-Canada Memorial financial apparatus and the servile anti-Canadianism of the Oronsaid mandarin.

IAN H. GREY, CALGARY

Psychoanalysis

As a graduate student interested in research on the biological effects of vinyl chloride, I have several comments on the June 14 letter to *Maclean's* from R. S. Hayler of the Society of the Plastics Industry of Canada.

Hayler stated that there was no evidence that anybody suffered from handling or using poly(vinyl chloride) (PVC). In fact at least four out of the approximately 35 deaths reported in the plastic-using industrial sector among individuals in PVC handling production and PVC reprocessing. The reason for this is that PVC resin leaving the factory still contains as much as 1% vinyl chloride (VC), the gas that causes the liver cancer (hepatocarcinoma). The vinyl chloride is partially removed during processing of the resin into numerous products, but small amounts remain in the finished products such as bottles, toys, records, credit cards and waterpipes. This is a particular hazard in packaging oily solvents such as shampoos, vegetable oil and pharmaceutical products which can extract the vinyl chloride from the bottle. Furthermore, vinyl chloride has been used in propellant gas in beer and insect sprays, with measured levels of vinyl chloride after spraying of up to 400 times the maximum allowable concentration for factory workers. An estimation of weekly exposures in a normal family life, on an average, far over the limits set for workers. These people may not show an effect until 15-40 years later, depending on their exposure. In addition, living in the Plastics Industry of Canada, a greatly under-estimated the effects of vinyl chloride as an extremely potent human carcinogen.

DAVID PLUDGE, GRADUATE STUDENT
UNIVERSITY OF QUEEN'S QUEEN, ONT.

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It gets both a businessman and...

Having attended the Canadian Manufacturers' Association annual meeting in Ottawa in early June, I enjoyed Peter Brabeck's *State Canadian Business Profit Margin* (June 28) and his remarks on the business-government interface. His report was in my view accurate and convincing. Two things bother me, however. First, the article contained criticism of the 1985 lead employer's law, yet approach and spirit in cooperation. But in today's world, I wonder how the government, the public (and the press) would react to any party big business proponent. Big business loves a "dividend if you do demand if you don't."

Moreover, also, I wish that there had been space available to describe why businessmen are opposed to the profit reduction measures contained in the May 25 budget. Despite repeated questioning by the CMA, the government's ministers did not explain this most destructive piece of the anti-inflation measures.

We as businessmen and as Canadians continue with controls on prices, wages and dividends that are paid out of profits. But to reduce profits to make profit growth stemming from efficiency improvements will, in my opinion, threaten our national well-being. Profits attract investment, finance expansion and provide jobs.

Only a minor portion of corporate profits are paid out as dividends to shareholders. Without increasing profits (technically termed capital accumulation strategies, etc. in socialist countries) there is no increasing economic pie to share or reinvest.

Profit, misconceptions concerning profits—what they are and how they are being exploited—by some politicians, both federally and provincially. Businessmen fear that increasing control of business, particularly controls that increase operating costs and reduce profits will prevent business from making the contribution to Canada's economy it is capable of making. The future will be upon the conviction of sense that the market system is inefficient, and encourage the establishment of more control mechanisms—creating a class action order to the detriment of our country is an increasingly competitive world. GUY F. FRENCH, PRESIDENT, AMERICAN (OF CANADA) LIMITED, BURLINGTON.

The country 'in at the door'

A Canadian magazine? While the American *Maclean's* is certainly popular, I don't think it warrants front cover plus (June 28) as a publication purporting to represent the emergence of a truly Canadian newspaper. Surely there has been enough blather about the *Atlantic* and 200th anniversary without *Maclean's* trumping on the bandwagon. The article was good but was the cover really necessary? No!

STEPHEN HUGHES, OTTAWA

Our business is our pleasure

I am surprised that *Time* magazine hasn't seen fit to run a copy of *Maclean's* on its cover. To Canadians at least, it is reassuring to know that there are more than two pages of news relevant to Canada. It is gratifying too that at last a Canadian magazine is covering the news of Canada and the world with a mixture of professionalism and zeal. Congratulations for producing this well-balanced, informative and entertaining magazine.

PAUL BIRD, LONDON, ONT.

For the first time (as far as I know) I have read *Maclean's* almost from cover to cover (June 14). I find the recent development of the magazine excellent in content, format and writing style. I particularly appreciate the format with continuous articles rather than having them interrupted throughout as most magazines do—making up with many needless references to pages in the back of the book. My congratulations on having given a truly new twist to creating a truly worthwhile Canadian magazine. I have been a subscriber at various times over the past 40 years, having discontinued my subscription at intervals for lack of interest. I am happy to have renewed for the next three years.

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The last of the red-hot liberals: Bryce Mackasey tilts with the corporate giants

Column by Robert Lewis

When it comes to angling his own prizes, Bryce Mackasey strikes as a Scot. I suspect that some of his colleagues find evening him an average day, on his own valuable income. Mackasey can move the mail and salvage the Olympic coin program as Postmaster General, and as Minister of Consumer Affairs he often protects the little people. Then after dinner he defends the unemployed, he takes to Bay Street barons and possesses national unity. But if he is more braggadocio than an Irishman, Mackasey is also perhaps the most popular federal politician of the day and certainly the only progressive with any national following. In contrast to the 27 grey men and one woman in Pierre Trudeau's cabinet, tending to ministerial menage like chipmunks in a log end, Mackasey is a bold, bristling standstill. He can be reckless, emotional and disorganized, but with Jean Marchand now gone he is the only minister with any flair as public person.

Whether Trudeau tolerates the unruly Mackasey because he is a conscience in cabinet or simply to counterweight to the conservatives is far from clear. Nevertheless, Mackasey has been able to erect a platform from which he can launch his high-flying career. Like Bourke, he tempts the gale—although he may be about to fully commit his wings in a gust. The Canadian big business establishment. If he is still Minister of Consumer Affairs after the anticipated cabinet shuffle, this fall he will be responsible for bringing in legislation to limit corporate monopolies, mergers and other practices that disempower against small entrepreneurs and make the Canadian economy less independent. The competition policy, along with revisions of the Bette Act under study by Finance Minister Donald Macdonald, will be central elements in Trudeau's "new society." In 1971, the last time the government tried to make free enterprise more competitive, vibrant elements mounted a furious lobby which slowed down consumer restraint. Rex Bellard and his colleagues and eventually the legislature was so inflamed. Mackasey, however, has already started meeting with major business leaders in Toronto and other cities to make it clear that if business wishes there will not be another return.

The mood between the government and industrialism is not promising. Trudeau, in the mold of a European social realist, has been a distrust of bankers and businessmen, which is recognized in the private clubs of the nation where the standard toast is "Trudeau has to go." One of the people

walking quietly behind the scenes on the side of corporate might is an Italian man—John Turner, whose new-found friends in industry have never been assailed by the evident lack of competition in the Canadian marketplace (from the c.m. in Western Canada to the Irving newspaper monopoly in New Brunswick).



Mackasey's principles are not negotiable

Turner already is spreading the word in Consumer Affairs that Mackasey, who is not a lawyer, is not equipped to handle the new legislation. It is a message designed to pacify the big business, who once shared a cramped Commons office with Turner when the two were freshmen in the House of Commons, and shared as Turner's vice cost leader than his own.

Mackasey is carrying his fight on two levels. In his meetings with businessmen he says the government is anxious to work with them and to avoid unworkable laws. He acknowledges the need to generate corporate wealth so it can be better redistributed, but he also warns that the vested interests would be well advised to work with the government, not against it. At the same time, he is building within the liberal party a case for bold action. In a remarkably scolded series of recent speeches to Liberal assemblies in Saskatoon, Ontario and Quebec, he has warned that the party is in danger of losing its principles by turning to the right in search of votes. "It's tempting," he says, "to stop

fighting with special groups. But don't let anybody's gift of an idea distract you from this country." For those who "want to color to right-wing opinions" and "turn the clock back because of the waste of many years in this country," Mackasey harks back to Harry Truman's advice: "if voters are given two conservative parties, they'll elect the real Conservative." "Trudeau's new society," he says, "is the good old fashioned free enterprise system made to work as it should, with competition to make sure the cartels or monopolies don't interfere with it, a society where at least everybody will have an income even the lazy" and where people who work hard can still have "a two car garage, a swimming pool and the amenities of life."

Mackasey's final card is a threat that if the government's full legislative program is not sufficiently progressive, he will leave politics, possibly for a big job in private industry where he has already put out feelers. On the other hand, politics is Mackasey's lifeblood, and he has vowed that he will follow through on his threat (at least his fifth since he returned to cabinet in 1970) in 1976.

It is distinctly possible that the Trudeau government's low standing in the country is so profound that it won't be able to carry support for its competition bill even against opposition from big business. And yet digging in its heels could be turned up to uncover the appearance of the government, denouncing the little people against big business might just be the only thing that new stands between Trudeau and personal oblivion. On the basis of its sorry performance recently the government has left the feeling that it is no longer in control of events. In fact, it often seems to have lost its willfully in drastic every session of sixty, one by one. "Once a month, one member of cabinet says of Trudeau, 'the presidency'."

The pay is that something as potentially banal as more competition in business may have more promising a future than the Agria. As the debate on competition policy heats up the average Canadian—those mythological figures who are not dead at 7 a.m.—would do well to bear in mind that the free-enterprising North American Way has brought us more than the good life. It has been accompanied by strip developments, a porno-pop culture, been neglected for minorities in Wales and Quebec, numerous of the Inuit—and Hans Selge. Now it brings in Bryce Mackasey, who likely will stand in the midst of the state where he belongs.

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Preview

The National Dream isn't over, but it may be slightly amended

The Canadian Transport Commission will reveal late next month its preliminary decision on the fate of Canada's two transcontinental rail services. The commission has been studying a proposal to scrap one of the two, but transportation sources say the CRTC most likely will recommend a compromise. Both services are heavily in the red (on last fall \$46 million on its transcontinental in 1974, the Rail lost \$24 million on C/N). After holding three months of hearings in 14 cities and receiving more than 200 briefs from train buffs and small communities along the two routes, the CRTC is expected to sign something (rather than expunction). Sources say the recommendations will be to cut back only where the two lines largely duplicate each other (e.g. the Toronto-Montreal-St. John's corridor). That would, in effect, save the two lines west of Winnipeg, from which point

steam are displaced. Energy Minister Allan Rock is reportedly looking at an alternative route, and Indian and Northern Affairs Minister Judd Business has been telling people there has not yet been enough gas flowed along the Mackenzie Delta to justify a pipeline. Undoubtedly, the commission recently signed a letter of intent to buy 1.1 million tons of pipe.

A word to the house: Beginning Labor Day weekend, Canadians will again be bombarded by an advertising campaign urging energy conservation. The federal government will spend \$250,000 on newspapers, magazines and on television encouraging homeowners to save fuel by re-insulating. Ottawa will also distribute 200,000 copies of a do-it-yourself manual entitled *Keeping Your Heat As Warm as Federal Effort*. "If only 10% of the households make this fall, the saving will be \$20 million in the first year."

'Machines' are human too: Their armies have become almost as familiar as, well, as baby chicks. But Canada's possible hockey fans will have to master one longer waiters when the Russians take the ice in next month's Canada Cup series. Superstars Valeri Kharlamov, Alexander Yakushev and Vladimir Trenin won't be playing. An arm-injured broke both ankles in a car accident, Yakushev has had Orthopedic knee problems and Trenin, an officer in the Red Army, has to write "essays." Nevertheless for Russians who have more than 10 million people playing organized hockey, expect to be able to use "a representative team." Shovel!



Kharlamov: conspicuous by his absence

The Times sheds fat as meat: As much as he loved money, Lord Thomson of Fleet loved *The Times* of London more. Which means that the money-losing but socially influential newspaper will carry on despite the death, at 82, of its proprietor Sir Denis Hamilton chairman of Times Newspapers Ltd., sought to ensure staffers of the venerable daily—English in Thomson's global communications empire—last October.



Thomson: extra huge money can't buy

Baron of Fleet had made ample provision for the paper's future. Kenneth Thomson, who inherits his father's title, is no less committed to *The Times*, one which Roy poured money in a most uncharacteristic way. According to Sir Denis, both Roy and Ken regarded it as "almost a sacred trust and public duty to own *The Times* and cherish it." What's more, the paper's management predicts that black ink is just around the corner—10 years and 40 million after Thomson required it.

Daring, is there someone else? Each country has one life—and a short one at that. Remember the *Wells Fargo* 'The Town'? But the "mood" cross as a little different. It keeps coming back in different forms. Last year's mania for mood rings—which changed color according to the body temperature of the wearer, a supposedly indicating shifts in the state of mind—has led to spin-offs. Coming up this fall, the mood T-shirt, being promoted by De Laun Grey. And on the horizon from across the sea, mood panties. The cheeky London Sex has been going there away on a summer vacation a date.

Get a taste of independence.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling. Average per cigarette: King Size: 15mg "tar," 1.3mg nicotine.

CRTC: the big train that couldn't

they diverge sharply. The public will be inclined to yet another say before the final ruling, likely toward the end of the year.

The multimillion-dollar unsure thing: Ottawa makes new rule the prospects of the Canadian Arctic Gas consortium's Mackenzie Valley pipeline is no better than 50-50. Six months, they say, will tell the tale. The pipeline proposal, which four years ago appeared certain to go ahead, sits now, also increasingly heavy weather. The consortium has been wracked by internal dissension and lost by deteriorating U.S.-Canadian relations. Canadian Arctic Gas hopes to carry Alaskan gas to U.S. markets as well as Mackenzie Delta gas to Canadians. Now, it develops local mar-

Canada

The morning after the night before



Drupens rampant against the Videotron? Only for a few weeks in July, a prophet in his own land

The army security officer sat in a van parked in front of the Montreal Convention Centre, waiting for the crowd below with his binoculars. After protests from a Soviet official, the host was on for a person brandishing a sign during Olympic opening ceremonies, which, translated from the cryptic and MANGLED DELA MORDE. When the fire was spotted, the officer hurried instructions into his walkie-talkie and the offending sign—held by a beater—was removed. It was one of the lesser dramas of the XXI Olympiad in Montreal after midnight but as a way it showcased the true life-size nature of the games and the situation to detail that helps him to them with a popular source.

Of course, what caused the glow were the remarkable performances by athletes unknown athletes, their names now a roll call of memory: Eider, Naber, Comares, Quimper, Jaramilla, Crawford, Akoyev, Viro, Jozan, Jay—and more. For a refreshing forget they merely managed to take precedence over politicians, war, famine and the African boycott (see page 44). It is true that Montreal Mayor Jean Drupens's games would appear to be the hot bubble prevailing now in Montreal during the pre-Olympic boom, in

effect, what's one billion dollars? Noted Brian Gaffney, a publisher and Conservative Party member. "We're all optimistic. The city can become a real centre of attraction for the world. We're not thinking of money now."

But the goodness of the moment was reminiscent of a New Year's Eve festivity with the host city yet to come—in Montreal's case, a possible economic slump and still lingering scandals related to construction of the Olympic facilities. Probably no other city in Canada could have hosted the games with the engaging life of Montreal, which turned itself inside out to offer a casually joyful resistance to the world to sample its pleasures. "Old Montreal's narrow streets and superb restaurants were scenes for a foreign take-over to reveal anything, yet foretold by the Committee for an Independent Canada. In the

"New American athletes and Soviet star Sergei Zhurav from behind the atmosphere as organizing that they left their names and appeared in Canada. The Soviet star Sergei Zhurav from behind the atmosphere as organizing that they left their names and appeared in Canada. The Soviet star Sergei Zhurav from behind the atmosphere as organizing that they left their names and appeared in Canada."

level student quarter along St. Denis Street, the cells overflowed for two weeks and, in the end, Canada Street was virtually transformed into an all-night disco in Toronto or Vancouver, shocked city council would probably have pinned by-laws to quiet down the party. In Montreal the reaction was a public thing.

For Jean Drupens, the reaction to the games was a kind of vindication, from the man who he waved the flag on opening day to the election when Lord Kilgus, president of the International Olympic Committee, thanked him at the closing ceremony. "It was organized, chaotic, wild," Drupens said after the party was over. "The Olympics had to be a success." He added in an appropriately ironic metaphor, "as I would have had to guess that Drupens's city?" It was worth it.

The host may have been triumphant, considering that cabinet committees in Ottawa and the Quebec City are anxiously studying the uncertain economic future of Montreal, the motor that drives the province of Quebec. René Paré, an economist in Montreal with the Federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion, estimates that the direct impact of the Olympics on the local economy was \$300,000.

Nolan Rendon, an economist with Quebec's industry and commerce department, said, "The outlook for Quebec is good, but not as good as for the rest of Canada." Predictions for Quebec's real growth rate in 1978 are between 3% and 4% slightly below the projected national performance, and a possible slowdown is expected in 1977.

There is cause for concern. In the first quarter of 1976, building permits were up 10% over the comparable four months of 1975, housing starts were up 35%, more jobs were created and from more low unemployment than in the rest of the country. But a major worry is that Montreal continues to lose out to Toronto and other cities as a center of finance and transportation and

as in the Montreal region, where the declining textile industry is a major factor in the weak performance of the manufacturing sector. There is also a severe-point plan to deal with the city's financial woes, which forced the take-over of the games last year by the government of Premier Robert Bourassa. A likely starting point will be in force Drupens, for once, to discuss the city's actual economic position and to prepare a five-year financial plan.

Drupens's thoughts may be characterized by a greater vision. Recently a senior Montreal businessman asked the Mayor what he planned to do for his economy. "I can't tell you now," Drupens replied. "But after the Olympics, something just is, or bigger." More pressing projects are possibly the last thing Montreal needs now. Drupens must come up with a way to cover Montreal's \$200-million share of the one-billion-dollar-plus Olympic deficit. The city's overextended financial position has already caused a delay in building the city's first major transit station and a major one on an extension of the subway system. The Senior Montreal Committee, composed of activists who oppose Drupens, estimates that the vacancy rate of housing dropped from 5.7% in 1972 to 1.5% last year and construction in the city center is now expected to reach zero by 1980. On Desjardins Boulevard just across the street from the Olympic press center, a stylized piggy bank around a parking lot serves as a stark reminder that Montreal once had a building boom. In the east end along Saint-Denis Street hundreds of houses have been locked to make way for an expressway which has now been delayed for lack of money. Says Martin de Gooze, St. Lawrence: "We glad the mayor got Expo and the Olympics, but the city is not getting money into sewage treatment and air-bus research."

Drupens, facing his first opposition at city council in the past 16 years in the form of the 17-member Montreal Citizens' Movement (MCM), is not expected to seek reelection in two years. He has been cutting gran loans of paper out of his City Hall office and the expectation is that he plans to write his political memoirs that neither he expected to face major problems in the month when he goes before the Quebec legislative committee that will examine the games' deficit. Says one Liberal member of the National Assembly: "It will be a general thing you know, have today, gone to Toronto."

So far businessmen Joseph Zappes and four associates have been charged with fraud involving \$265,000 in connection with contractors of the Olympic Village and will appear in court next month. But the expectation is that any further embarrassment will be curbed by the government-dominated legislative committee. Premier Bourassa is reportedly determined to avoid a repeat of the wide-ranging crime probe last year, which he viewed



For the athletes and games personnel (above) the Olympics ended with a party, but the people of Montreal still suffer the hangover. For anarchists, hundreds of houses along Notre-Dame Street (below) were dismantled for an extension of the Trans-Canada Highway, but the games end so much nobody knows when it will get built.



Surprisingly, however, bankers, businessmen, economists and government officials are less pessimistic than expected. They believe that private construction, delayed in the city of Olympic building, will now get under way as materials and tradesmen become available at less exorbitant rates (prime operations have as much as \$50,000 a day to seven months as the rush to complete the Olympic Stadium). "There will be a slowdown compared to the boom period," predicts Paul Maré, a president of Canada Steamship Lines, "but people will have a better time than normally." Indications are that Quebec will not see anything like the post-Expo letdown, yet

much of the future will be determined by the level of confidence in the business community. There is no ill omen in plans by the Bank of Montreal to continue the transfer of large amounts of deposits to Toronto over the next two years and to use the title "First Canadian Bank" as the Anglo-Canadian corporate logo.

In Quebec City at least three exorbitant documents have been prepared on the economic future of Montreal. One deals with the possibility of a major convention center in Montreal, a \$250-million investment that could justify the current glut of new hotel rooms in the city. Another study deals with land use and industrial develop-



Drapeau and Beaureau, on-fires for 10 days at least, critics rapped the theme

is having a negative impact on the province's image.

In the meantime, Beaureau was reportedly contemplating the merits of a portable Olympic device that will—when the economic climate looks to be more favorable than it will likely be next year when his mandate runs out. The assumption is that, then, Beaureau wants to get the preliminary bidding on Olympic opening he had been and to settle outstanding contacts with the province's three architects and construction workers. He will also attend the August 17-21 meeting of First Ministers in Edmonton on the Constitution, after which he is expected to articulate a more authoritarian defense of Quebec's linguistic and cultural rights in an attempt to outflank René Lévesque's Parti Québécois. Actually there are signs of one of Beaureau's discernible themes: as part of French advertising now being placed in the media, some \$200,000 campaign began that Quebec "saved the games."

Montreal's mood as the games ended was such that Mayor Drapeau rejected support for his claim that "people will forget all about the negative statements." As the Mayor admitted in a radio interview, Canadians had learned "a new art" in which "we will all live as Europeans, where antisemitism is a reality." Certainly, no one could quarrel with that here. ROBERT LEWIS HALL/PHOTOGRAPHY

ST. JOHN'S More fun and Games

Ever since Montreal's Mayor Jean Drapeau succeeded six years ago in claiming the summer Olympics for Canada, much has been heard in the country of escalating costs and the suggestion that some Olympic funds may have been siphoned. The Indianapolis newspaper from Montreal has decided to downplay the matters of the cost, another cartoon around the backdrop for another summer model athletic extravaganza—the 1977 Canada Summer Games, which will be staged next summer in St. John's, Newfoundland. For the past six months, the Summer Games project has

been the object of controversy, increased and political conflict in Newfoundland involving several allegations of "patronage and politics of interest."

The man who has occupied center stage throughout is Andrew Crosbie, the son of a prominent and powerful Newfoundland family. Crosbie heads the Newfoundland Engineering and Construction Co. (NCEC), and his brother John, a politician who once challenged former Liberal premier Joey Smallwood for the party leadership but now is Minister of Marine and Energy as well as Minister Responsible for Inter-governmental Affairs in Premier Frank Miller's Conservative government. After St. John's city council named Andrew Crosbie president of the 1977 Canada Summer Games Association, the first grants were heard when Crosbie awarded some of his own employees to key positions in the games hierarchy.

Then last winter, city councillors began asking questions about the Games Association's

soon's tendering process. Subsequently, Crosbie admitted that his own firm, NCEC, had been awarded a \$4.5 million contract to build a hotel for a swimming pool, water field and track and field complex that was not made open to normal public tendering. As Crosbie and his associates admitted, a public advertisement did appear for "proposed tenders" on the complex, but the appeal did not ask for cost estimates. Three firms applied. Crosbie took the contract from the firm, who was vice-president of Project Design and Construction Ltd., another Crosbie-owned company, decided that NCEC and a second firm, Sea Board Construction, were equally capable of doing the job. At a closed meeting of the Games Association executive, it was agreed that NCEC should be asked to do the work and that Sea Board would be reserved as a second choice. NCEC won the contract and began construction in June 1975. Later, Crosbie explained that one was the factor that prompted the Games Association to seek a no-fee, no-profit, lump-sum contract instead of one based on public tenders. But that hardly squared with the association's claim that construction of the games facilities was ahead of schedule. Crosbie had clearly observed a year before that "it would be pretty damn easy to make off money from the games. But to be pretty damn foolish to do it. My reputation is at stake." Now, facing the criticism of city councillors, Crosbie said "Why should I dirty my hands for \$100,000 or \$200,000?"

That response did not end Crosbie's problems. In February, critics became curious about another deal for the same

"Myer Doreau, my son, an annual Olympic appearance, as an example, I've seen the man myself in other words, I've seen the man myself in other words, I've seen the man myself in other words."



Andrew Crosbie and Myers. If you want the best and you are the best, what the best?

athletic complex—the purchase by the Games Association of 1.83-acre parcel of land and several buildings for \$700,000. It was not so much the price as the identity of the vendor that aroused interest. The bulk of the land was bought for the complex from Robert Morgan, a minority shareholder in the Crosbie-owned St. John's Development Corp. Morgan had just bought the land for \$325,000 from relatives. After sharp questioning in the legislature, the Newfoundland premier department agreed to look into the land purchase.

Meanwhile, St. John's city council has decided that its one-million-dollar contribution to the games can be used only for projects that are let by public tender. Premier Miller has decided that the province has an intention of contributing its own \$25 million contribution to the event. The third contribution to the games' cost—worth about \$15 million—is Ottawa. The Canada games, jointly backed by Sports Canada and the Canadian Amateur Sports Federation, were started in Quebec City during the winter of 1967. They are held every two years, alternating between summer and winter events. Now, just as a time when a summer event is under way to encourage amateur athletes in Canada, all the signs seem to suggest that, like the Montreal Olympics, the St. John's games will be conducted under a cloud. **WILLIAM CROSBIE**

OTTAWA

The French disconnection

In the wake of this summer's impassioned and destructive dispute over the use of French in ground-to-air communication, Pierre Trudeau's government has decided to take into account a forceful backlash from English Canada. Ottawa is no less aware of the fact that the now has profoundly upset Quebec nationalists and could well push more voters into the Parti Québécois camp when the next provincial election rolls around. Now Ottawa is planning a counterattack, pushing bilingualism in English Canada that could make a real break at the next federal election. Says Quebec Liberal MP Serge Joyal, a fierce opponent of Ottawa's present compromise with English-speaking politicians and nationalists, "I think it's total war."

The Liberal government's hope is that it can turn the tide of resentment and sometimes ill-disputed bigotry by means of a speech-making blitz. English-speaking ministers in the Trudeau cabinet are being urged to promote bilingualism—even though some of those ministers regard federal bilingualism policies as a political liability. After all, Minister of Industry, Science and Technology, Jean-Jacques Maurin, has responded to the call with speeches, respectively, in Parry Sound, Ontario, and Winnipeg. Declared Duce: "One of the basic conditions of our Confederation is the reinforcement of the French language and its preservation."



Drapeau and Maurin, out amongst the Anglo-Saxons, trying to spread the Good Word

Next month, backbench Liberal MPs are scheduled to launch speaking tours to high schools and colleges in Anglophone Canada with the aim of selling bilingualism. Even the Queen was indirectly involved in the campaign. On the eve of her departure from the Olympics, her speech, scripted by Trudeau's office, referred to bilingualism as "a noble goal."

The federal tilt at the result of the rude awakening that came to the government as the air controllers dispute. In the cozy, insulated world of Ottawa politics, where all parties around the government's two-language policies, bilingualism at the federal level has been widely accepted since Pierre Trudeau successfully made a major election plank in 1968. True, bilingualism remained a handy card for the civil servants who were usually affected. But the general feeling was that bilingualism had been accepted in principle by the rest of the country. As a result, the widespread reaction throughout much of English Canada to the service officers here despite the official Ottawa by surprise. Trudeau received more than 200 letters a week on the issue—the overwhelming majority of them negative. After Ron Manson, an Ottawa-based radio reporter, was involved in a highly publicized showing against with Trudeau, he was deluged by telephone calls congratulating him on getting the "big" In Kingston, Ont., a judge who was seriously caught up by the same mood, issued a transcript of a speech, "It's amazing," the judge declared, "that the majority of the people in Ontario, which is the language of this country."

For the Liberals, perhaps the most disturbing aspects of the angry Anglophone response was the degree to which it showed a basic ignorance of just what the federal

bilingualism policies mean. All that Ottawa has ever done is that francophones in any part of Canada with a significant French-speaking population should be able to communicate with the federal government and its agencies in their own language. But many Anglophone politicians seemed to believe that ordinary citizens in English-speaking parts of Canada were, somehow, expected to learn French. "We've had enough of French being shoved down our throats," was the phrase repeatedly heard on by-line shows and seen in letters to the editor.

In order to achieve all this, it is worth noting and necessary in any bilingualism program, Ottawa may have to adjust to some losses and implement changes. So far, Ottawa's bilingualism plan has required the closing of more than 50,000 civil servants through language schools. But, according to the federal language commission, Ken D. Spence, the plan is not working. Most Anglophones do not know enough French to use at work and only infrequently use what they have learned. Spence has suggested that instead more emphasis should be placed on teaching French in Canada's schools, and an estimated 1,000-page report on government language-drafting program by University of Montreal's professor Gilles Bibeau is expected to reach the same conclusion.

Ottawa is studying the Spence and Bibeau recommendations and may have policy changes to announce in the speech from the Throne when parliament opens again in October. Ottawa will not be able to retreat too far from its principles without deepening the tensions in French Canada. But the fact that the government on the Anglophone side of the issue, says a federal official working on proposed

legislative changes, it that "aiding with the program would help us with people who aren't even smart enough to find food," says Frouin. On their own, "famine boxes" can't help.

A chicken in every pot?

When the federal cabinet sets down new needs to shape the legislative subcommittee of Pierre Trudeau's "new society," a major debate could well develop as to whether it will politically compromise—food prices. There are indications in Ottawa that, for a change, the interests of consumers rather than farmers will be up for debate in the cabinet's funding. If the policy that emerges does appear to lean against the farmers, that could lead to the resignation of Agriculture Minister Jean Charest. "Whether the main issue is chickens or whether it's a large part of the Liberals' last election victory through its barnstorming campaign in rural Canada against wage and price controls."

In the past, Canadian farmers for the most part have sought to protect themselves against the vagaries of the marketplace by setting up price pools and, in a few cases, national food marketing boards that control food production in order to prevent vicious swings in prices. But while the marketing board concept has helped to stabilize farm incomes, it has been fraught with problems. By keeping food prices up, the system penalizes the poor and by holding production down it flies in the face of arguments that Canada, with its rich agricultural resources, should be a breadbasket for hungry nations. The pitfalls inherent in the marketing board philosophy were made painfully evident two years ago when it was discovered that the Canadian Egg Marketing Agency (CEMA) had allowed 30 million eggs to rot in storage after they put them on the market and the food program had dropped to zero. When the report was leaked to the *Toronto Star*, Wheaton immediately vowed to fight any attempt to strip the marketing boards. But

now, a policy paper drawn up by an independent panel of food experts has proposed that the policy of holding



Wheeler: The voice of farmers' unions

Mackay: The voice of consumers' welfare

food production down to keep prices up will be scrapped, and that quality and variety in food supplies be dropped to zero. When the report was leaked to the *Toronto Star*, Wheaton immediately vowed to fight any attempt to strip the marketing boards. But

his colleague in Consumer Affairs, Bryce Mackay, took a different view, and said that a pricing mechanism cannot support food. "It seems quite possible to me that, in some quarters, there may be better means to assure decent farm in-

comes without building Canadian consumers on top of Canada's moral obligations and export opportunities as a major food-producing nation. There is a large role to be played."

While the backing of the 16 provincial agricultural ministers, who last month reached accord on a new agreement giving full control of egg production and pricing to the much maligned CECA, the provincial ministers were a fundamental argument on the concept of limiting production to keep prices up. And Minister's Sara Little said: "There is no alternative now, given the competitive position of most countries but for some form of control on production. Price ceilings in the world market no longer work."

A possible compromise could emerge in the form of an alternative proposal for stabilizing farm incomes by means of a kind of interest ceiling. Farmers and governments would contribute in good years and the farmers would draw on the fund in leaner years. Such a program has

already been introduced for western grain farmers, and the plan would have the advantage of encouraging fuller production and thus keeping down prices. But if Trudeau and his cabinet opt for it, they may have another stab at the farmers, whose distrust of the Trudeau government is considerable. Whether it is the most realistic solution will not be known. While the report for the proposal seems shaky now, he could change his mind. Steps are also being taken to a political, an ideological. It's a realizable. It's a measure."

WALLACEBURG

The visitation

Wallaceburg is a sleepy little community in southwestern Ontario with a population of around 10,700. An agricultural town, the town does its economic sustenance from the surrounding farms which produce tomatoes and corn. It boasts a first-class restaurant, a brew house, a glassworks and a chemical company that makes an ingredi-

ently or publicly since her 1964 tour which turned ugly when Quebec City police turned against a group of students during a disputed election. Additionally, a Gallup poll taken prior to her visit claimed that 65% of French Canadians were opposed to her role in opening the Montreal games. As the press plane roared to the ramp at Cve St. Hubert near Montreal, somebody said: "This street smells like an armed camp." In fact, was the night since the War Measures crisis of 1970. At Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel every gun and person entering was scanned electronically for weapons. One guest from Laurent Valley, Quebec, mentioned: "I've been X-rayed as much as first place, I'm losing my sex drive."

They need not have worried. Her visit was of no interest to serious nationalists. 1976 is not 1966. She was viewed in the main as an arm of commerce, an adjunct to the Olympics or a major sport like hockey. The crowd that greeted her in Montreal were snail, polite and friendly. During one reception at Place des Arts, a group of five students stood across the road with a sign reading: QUEREC, FRANCAIS. A young Montserratian watching them was asked if the RCMP could handle the demonstration. "I think so," said the cop. "Especially since two of them are Irish." Everywhere in the tour the Montserratians were at jobs, jobs and goodwill when crowd movements they did not resist. During the Queen's walkabout at Upper Canada Village in Ontario, someone sat on a split end fence which broke with a shriek. A member of the local Montserratian community said: "It's a good thing the Secret Service didn't attend, they'd have opened fire by now." Royal war 1976 didn't create much excitement but at least it was the only aspect of the Olympic Games on which Montserratians made a profit. MICHAEL ANTHONY

Doing it up royally

They had been standing there in the sun for a couple of hours, the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire. Montreal chapter. They had been invited to Charlton in northern New Brunswick because the Queen was to sign the town's guest book and walk in the park among what the protocol people call "Private Groups." Now they would watch and rejoice as a formidable well-to-do bourgeois-looking lady in the massive stables in a Renault Scenic station. The Queen would look in the face of the host and his wife. When she reached the town, she would smile and shake hands. "And how are the Daughters today?"

There it was. A relaxing scene of recognition on both sides. The Daughters hailed as one. The Canadian flag was raised in place. After the formal entrance of the representatives to the town it was waiting for the Queen and Philip to find family housing in Canada. For Americans, a glimpse of Queen Elizabeth II in a motorcade was something new and undoubted. For Canadians the 35-day royal visit was a low-key, informal affair. And low-key it was. While a royal tour has its own built-in momentum, it also carries a built-in tradition that no more potent should not at any time there are moments of excitement. Take as a whole, it can be an extraordinary history, starting in the summer of 1951. But the Queen's tour was a compelling scene of occasion for Canadians. They may have seen it all before but they turned out to see it again.

What they saw was a 39-year-old woman who stands five-foot, four inches, with a face that looks a little like a young lady, a high forehead and a wide mouth. In her twenty-fifth year as Queen she is surrounded in a line of sovereigns going back

1,000 years. She knows about citizenship as it is desired, that is to be desired and formal. Yet she is said to be desired in conversation, quick to laugh and well-informed politically. She drinks sparingly, usually gets up and goes and the never smokes. At home she is apparently before the 8 a.m. "In the morning" and does the Daily Telegraph crossword puzzle. She has modest interest more with Philip and spends the rest of the morning going to social matters—"reading the books" as it's called. In the evening, if there is a lot on call for public functions, she stays late at night or with television. She seldom lights candles, particularly something called Daily Army. When she is on tour she becomes a prisoner of her schedule, controlled by federal and provincial governments into an endless round of dinners, official receptions, opening grants of honor and signing guest books. (The books have steadily gotten to a point where they should display the page on her royal signature.)

Officially she came to Canada to open the Olympic Games in Montreal. But the Queen also came to cheer her daughter, Anne, who was the first member of a British royal family to compete in the Olympics. The visit became very much a family holiday when the three princesses—Edward, Andrew and Charles—joined their parents at Montreal, Quebec. It would be the queen's first visit to the Olympics. It was the first time the royal family had been together outside Britain.

In the Mountains, her schedule was punishing. Nova Scotia premier Gerald Regan tried to question the visit. He lost his temper. He was displaying athletic adversity in attempting to come into every aspect of the royal capital. A devoted Liberal Regan started off by not inviting Tony Vin-



Together again, for the first time outside Britain, Prince Philip, Princess Anne, Mark Phillips, Prince Edward, The Queen, Prince Andrew and Charles

to official functions. Then he refused to release the names of guests at a provincial reception. And he tipped off by giving the Queen to dedicate a hospital at Windsor that had been open for some time. Wind was a Regan's hometown. At a provincial dinner the Queen gave a formal speech. The original version, like all the Queen's speeches in Canada, was written by Gillian in collaboration with the provincial government. When her advisers asked her what Britain got a look at if they were expelled at an 1800-and-one ceremony. They quickly restate the text to



make a promise and the Queen delivered the revised version well.

If the Premier had every right to politicize the tour, the people had every right to just enjoy it. There was a heavy atmosphere in her public events. At a Halifax luncheon, somebody shouted "Hi, Queen!" and she responded with a smile. In New Brunswick, with a 40% French-speaking population, the visit's tempo had a Gallic counterpart to it. Premier Richard Hatfield used more French in his short welcoming speech than Premier Regan had used in the entire Nova Scotia tour. In the more rural setting of New Brunswick, it was somewhat startling to see what the Royals subjected themselves to. At King's Landing, a pioneer village, they rode in a sultry open coach behind a team of Bel-

gian horses called, curvy Queen and Prince in Montreal. They were a deep wood landscape. The Queen walked downy as a Prince of Wales clipped and a Globe Globe glided, appearing liberally interested. Throughout the Mountains, for people running the tour worried openly about the efficiency system. Secondly, they knew that Quebec political leadership was not happy with the Queen's prominent role at the Olympics. She was understood a dramatic federal presence. And finally there was the issue of the Queen being in Quebec at all. She had not been in Montreal since 1967 and had not been in the Expo lands. She had not been seen



widely or publicly since her 1964 tour which turned ugly when Quebec City police turned against a group of students during a disputed election. Additionally, a Gallup poll taken prior to her visit claimed that 65% of French Canadians were opposed to her role in opening the Montreal games. As the press plane roared to the ramp at Cve St. Hubert near Montreal, somebody said: "This street smells like an armed camp." In fact, was the night since the War Measures crisis of 1970. At Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel every gun and person entering was scanned electronically for weapons. One guest from Laurent Valley, Quebec, mentioned: "I've been X-rayed as much as first place, I'm losing my sex drive."

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Spina bifida victims: Robbie Hastings and Jennifer Delfino against all the odds

can used in manufacturing perfume. Wallenberg's operations, lined with pleasure, small white houses across the prevailing road inequality. But during eight months in 1973 and 1974, something terrible happened to shatter that tranquility. In that period, 10 Wallenberg area children were born with defects that in any other case live dependent on abbreviated lives.

Most of the children are affected by spina bifida, a defect brought about when a neural tube (brain and spinal system) does not fully develop during pregnancy, leaving the child without control in the lower spine. As a result, most of the children have difficulty walking and cannot learn to control their bladder or bowels. This kind of defect occurs relatively often—in all of Canada, between two and three babies of every 1,000 suffer from congenital neural tube defects. The outbreak in Wallenberg was way above average. But Wallenberg is a small and proud place: one that did not wish to draw attention to its experience. When on August 3, Toronto *Globe* and *Mail* reporter Ross Henderson put the story out on the front page, the small reaction among Wallenberg's leading citizens was again at the fact that "no body needs" had exposed the story to adverse publicity. Nonetheless, in the aftermath of the *Globe's* story, various questions were raised about governmental reactions to the Wallenberg problem.

Sam McLeod, administrator of Sydney-born Deane Hospital, where five of the affected babies were born, expressed the prevailing opinion. He noted that the government in its wisdom—the federal ministry of health in that instance—had ad-

vised the experienced outbreak and decided an investigation was necessary beyond having half of the affected families fill out an 18-page questionnaire on their environmental and health histories. The families never heard back from the health ministry. But the mother of one of the children, deformed by spina bifida 2½ years ago, was told by someone—she doesn't remember who—that there were no common factors among the patients, which would warrant investigation of environmental or genetic, two of the suspected causes of the birth defect. Mrs. Glenda DeMoore doesn't want to blame anybody for the tragedy of her child. But she does find it curious that she and four other women and one father with spina bifida babies living in the town all attended the same public school at one time or another.

"You have to wonder," says Mrs. DeMoore. "If an 18-page form is enough to worry. You'd think, even at this late date, the government could afford some right-attempts and read in individual reports of what they found out from the questionnaires. Even if it's just to say they couldn't find anything to investigate. It would help to calm the fears of some of the women in this town."

Accuracy in the town began building soon after February, 1974, when Mrs. DeMoore gave birth to Jennifer, who is bright and normal-looking in every way—except for her leg braces. She was the third child born in Wallenberg with spina bifida and like the other victims is destined to spend a large part of her life as a wheelchair. According to the knowledge of mothers of the spina bifida children in the town—and not

disputed at the local hospital—five of the deformed children were born in Wallenberg and one 20 miles away in Chatham. Two others died soon after birth. Two children from the surrounding area may or may not fall within the strict definition of spina bifida.

Scientists suspect the defect is caused by a combination of factors. But no single cause has ever been isolated and proven. Scientists believe there may be an environmental factor that varies by region—a pollution, lead dust, some supply—in something else. One thing is known: spina bifida does occur in distinct sometimes, as it did in Wallenberg.

Ottawa Health Minister Frank Miller, taken by surprise by the reporting of the outbreak, admitted that there had been no sharing of information or coordination between the Ontario health ministry and the federal ministry which compelled the questionnaire. If another episode of birth defects occurred today, he said, it would be more thoroughly investigated. The minister is now being advised by his staff on whether a further investigation of the birth defect is necessary and, particularly, whether a chemical called Thimerosal could be responsible. Chasok Chermonts Ltd., prosecuted for an epidemic in the Wallenberg area as the cause of the defective births, was producing that chemical, which is used in the manufacture of perfume. Miller said the chemical has never been tested for possible harmful effects because it has never been identified as potentially dangerous.

The feeling of many citizens in Wallenberg is that an explanation and an assurance that Wallenberg is not the victim of some sort of curse must come from government health officials. Minister for Territories counsel will formally request a report. The widespread publicity resulting from the *Globe's* story caused a flurry of anxious phone calls to the county health unit and local physicians from pregnant women, and women of childbearing age. The answer from local physicians and from Dr. Lerne Amacher, a London pediatric neurologist who has performed operations on spina bifida children living in Wallenberg, was that the incident was sudden and unpredictable, and that expectant mothers probably faced no more risks than women living elsewhere. "Until all Ontario women keep daily diaries when they get pregnant, we'll get nowhere in finding out our factors," Amacher said.

But there is no denying the enormous impact many women in Wallenberg. No one knows what causes spina bifida and no thorough investigation was carried out in Wallenberg. It may be, as Health Minister Miller and "a book of nature," the people of Wallenberg would like some more assurances. Assurances that be meaningful for two of the five mothers of deformed babies living in town. They have abandoned plans to have any more children.

METRO/AGENCY

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eight-year-old, with other well-matured liquors added. When Jack had finished he knew he had a superb whisky. Maybe the best.

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They sipped. They gargled. Some repeated the whole process. "That half hour seemed like 30 years," says Jack. "I'll tell you when they all smiled and pronounced my blend as excellent, I heaved a sigh. I think I must have been holding my breath all that time."

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The forgotten man

Paul Martin was one of the great Canadians of his time. He might even have been Prime Minister — if he hadn't wanted it so much

By Marci McDonald

In the fading afternoon light over Trafalgar Square, the unspeakable stench of decay and pigeon droppings hangs in the air. But Paul Martin does not smell it. He stands at the elegant velvet-framed windows of his ceremonial office high in the lofty stone reaches of Canada House and looks deeply, as if the soot of his own past were blank here. Behind his face are spectacles, the bright hawklike pupils dart over the portents of doom and gloom are glittering on the neat horizon, streams of laughing pigeons hovering like thunder clouds to swoop and draw him to Lord Nelson atop his column as he urges each man to do his duty for England, while down on the sidewalk ancient newscasts are belching each day's fresh disaster which upends it may already be too late for either duty or England. The chairman to the British attempt to end the process with each new day's soaring, each latest statistical horror is the galling unemployment rate and billion-dollar budget deficit, each further plummet of the pound. Shakespeare's suspended tale here suddenly appeared as a real-life backdrop unsentimentally watching the North Atlantic but Paul Martin does not see it. "Why, this is the best of the world," he beams.

Paul Martin has always looked on the brighter side of things. In his 73 years, father childhood pain, family poverty and the hardships of growing up French-Canadian Catholic in small-town Ontario have deterred him. He set his sights on the great wilderness of this country early and, despite life's discouragements and only lukewarm press clippings, he never once wavered from that dream. Twice he watched a woman from him, although the last one was the roughest because he saw that a country like him was more than 80 years of his life in three decades in the Liberal Party, but in the end the party took him for granted, ate him up and spat him out like so much discarded sardine on the mere of Trudeauism, but still Paul Martin never stopped. Shunted up to the Senate, he bravely set about reforming it, then retired into retirement and, rebuffed of the chance to break Mackenzie King's record for cabinet longevity, he packed for his last stand, as High Commissioner to Britain on a mission of no wages. Calamities might have been that the old war-horse of Canadian politics was being put out to pasture,

but the old war-horse would off the commander and set the alarm at 6:30, as usual, to get up early as the new day.

Now, as the sun sets over the British Empire, in the twilight of his own years, Paul Martin presides over the fading days of the Canadian-British connection just as he always has, right from his early days in the flight of the trade, a trade talk and the gesture as to whether there's anybody here from Windsor on the tip of his tongue, making his way from Niagara to Niagara, city to city, making things up and down England—after all, these years will mean for office though there are no more elections to win.

It has become a habit, a means to an end that never quite came to be, but somewhere along the way the means itself took over the end. Even as this very moment, he turns from the window and leads a waiter downstairs to the reception rooms of Canada House where he has initiated a weekly Thursday lunching habit on this particular Thursday there are only three prospective politicians in attendance and Paul Martin is disappointed. Although he asks the best of it, stroking right up to a marked graduate student, quickly reading, Canadian newspapers and grasping for some inquiring about his health and homework, dropping an anecdote here, a remembered conversation there. "Anybody here from Windsor?" he asks.

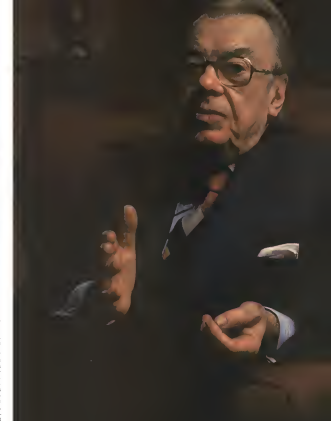
There it's not only the square where a city film crew is waiting to interview him about the cool war. Paul Martin wears a neat disposition, imperviousness to the microphone, but it is a successful focus to the cameras and if he wouldn't read just feeding the pigeon and the High Commissioner does not hesitate. Before the film crew risk get into position he is down on his knees scattering popcorn and chasing the entire pigeon population of Trafalgar Square suddenly depending on him in one shattered drizzle, birds squawking, wings beating him about the ears, tiny claws digging into his flesh. Pigeon lights on his hair, up and shoulders, down and popcorn everywhere, and two more flutters in for a landing on his venerable grey head. But Paul Martin does not come smiling for the cameras, even when two men have to lead him to his car because the old damaged bones have buckled under him. Before they can step him, he is off again, striding across the square, hand

on, everything pressing caught up in the old rituals, with a small crowd has gathered around him and there are whoppers. A startled British tourist takes his picture, then turns to a stranger to ask the question to which there are no simple answers. "Who is this guy, anyway?" he says.

"Nobody knows you." I tell Paul Martin. A look of horror flickers across the old camera. "What do you mean, nobody knows me?" he protests. But you can see it, somewhere at the back of his brain, his secret from confirmed. After just an hour's telling them, they had to get him a new press office, had to get those stories rolling over on the front pages, maybe under some journalistic here. As national affairs minister, he used to call up the Canadian Press Ottawa or send regularly to offer his comments on the day's news, unadorned much to the venerable his assurance of our reporters who would pick up the phone just after dawn to hear an unadorned familiar voice answering. "Well, hello, it's Paul." Before his arrival at the coast of St. James, he had called his advance strategy, the High Commissioner was to set up plain stories in the British papers and a lunchtime with Fleet Street's top five—a list that no British politician has ever pulled off. Instead, he had to work for the longest press release English journalists have reported saving his life and 17 honorary degrees minutely denied, but staffers were caught up in his domestic with some point how talk of "keeping him on the move" and his "swing through the Midlands" like overreactions for some grand future campaign. In fact, no Canadian high commissioner has ever had his speech so generously covered, but still he is not satisfied and now the posing whips perceptor hardly as old as his own daughter, a stilling has that nobody knows him. Paul Martin looks misapprehended.

"Well, don't they read their newspapers?" But how do you tell a man who has been a bright young secretary, a minister, a medical left, a wing (Liberal) who fought for the continuance of this country's social insurance schemes that it has all been forgotten? That is a whole generation he has come to symbolize the archetypal establishment old pol' speeches aimed at the party line, useless in search of a verb,

Martin in London: the chimera at midnight



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lanned in the month? How do you say to Paul Martin that when his name comes up in Ottawa these days it is usually in reference to the classic Paul Martin story, the one about him making his rounds at a reception, dropping up a long-forgotten name from his card file memory and asking about the wife only to be told she was dead, then continuing around the room handshaking until he comes to the same name again requiring how the wife is "still dead," the story goes. After all the stories and cheers after all the handshakes and last, the triumph and heartbreak in that what it all comes down to is an anecdote?

I try to put it to Paul Martin gently, to probe beneath the stiff upper-lip disclaimers to get a glimpse of the man that, half the next morning he is still chewing the question "Yes, I know. I was a minister in Canada for 22 years, longer than anybody else except for Mackenzie King. I was a minister five years before John Diefenbaker. I was a cabinet minister for the League of Nations and I spent some time in the United Nations after Pearson died. Now how could a man be a politician 23 years and not be a human being?" The morning after, he is in a workshop. "Now, I've been thinking about nobody knowing me. Well, why not? Don't they know his history?"

To Paul Martin it is inconceivable that a generation would not know their history. He grew up in the Ottawa Valley steeped in a sense of his earliest memories of the place that he used a file clerk in the Prime Minister's Office, used to bring home about for Wilfrid Laurier, one of the first books he ever read is *Life Of Gladstone* that a special historian passed on him "Great men, great men," his speech will ring with the phrase. He spent his boyhood in a room in the Pembroke library poring over books about them, left to his own devices after John smother him at four and brooded him for years at five in the other kids, his left eyeight and his upper arm muscles completely wasted, his small bones deformed. He still wakes each morning and coming in the battle against his ravages has devised his own apparatus and calls mostly suitable style of play-handling inside the fact that he cannot lift his arms above the elbow and flares at each photo session so the camera doesn't glint off his dead eye. "I'm always conscious of the dead eye," he says. But by university he had perfected his camouflage and was working as a secretary in the Pembroke area, although it was the largest of the local Catholic bishop that made his education possible. There was no money in his own family with 12 other mouths to feed and his father was long out of work when the big grocery chains moved into town and toward his career came to close down.

Indeed, it was his ill-colored, French-speaking father who inadvertently shaped his writing philosophy, he was to become Paul Martin will never forget his coming home at night—"The expression on his face when he couldn't get a job, a big physical

strain, even, and he couldn't provide for his own family. That was the end that all was not well, that government needed to do a better job than it had been doing for people." Years later in parliament he was to champion a unemployment insurance, family allowances and the baby bonus—all radical notions then—and in his 11 years as Louis St. Laurent's health and welfare minister he pointed through the House members' presence, the National Health program, plus the old age pension and the ground work for the federal-provincial hospital insurance scheme.

By this time, he had discovered that all past public acts were lawyers and won himself scholarships to Cascade Hall, Harvard, Cambridge and the Geneva School of International Studies. There, he advised that on French-Canadian Catholicism would ever have "a hope in hell" of going elected in Ontario Toronto—he came back to top his law practice in the brother town of Windsor, his right was always for the goal on the far horizon, but here, too, on meeting the profits of his father—which he did not successfully that some say he is close to being a millionaire. "Oh, I do admit, the hardest the situation was. He will spend his summer holidays in Windsor, working nothing more than a small down the main street to call out the family car and pass the flesh like some local French lord. "People stop to eat," why do you still live in Windsor? But those people understood and loved and gave him the chance to be a public life," he says. They also gave him his wife, a pretty pharmacist named Nell Adams, and now, nearly 60 years later, they sit over drinks in the High Commissioner's official residence in Mayfair, attending to a white-haired better named Price who is all "very good, sir" and working harder than most men and better about how it was they first took notice of each other when he walked into his father's doghouse for a night.

Much later Nell Martin will take me aside and confess that it wasn't love at first sight. She never took much notice of him at all among her more dashing suitors, she says, until one night over dinner the persistent and forward young man told her the story of his painful childhood struggles and the work home and thought to herself, "Now this is a real man." Six months later he was her in the altar but it has never been a serious capriciousness. "Now Dad," she is constantly calling him, as he tells her the story. "Now, now, Mother," he would back one lunch hour when he has a whole guest table of journalists and embassy staff up screaming the library book for some obscure history he can't put his hands on and she sits back in the centre of it all sublimely ignoring the squall. "I just walk 10 paces behind him and if he gets too pompous or too loud a pun," she says. One night Paul Martin came home after a hard day campaigning and mumbled he had to lie. "Don't try and shake hands with me," Nell Martin said



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YOU CAN'T SAY BEER ANY BETTER



**HEROES
OF THE XXI
OLYMPIAD**
By Michael Posner Photographs by Horst Ehrlich





The Americans landed on Mars and an earthquake defined Tongshan. There were riots in South Africa, measles in Northern Ireland, carnage in Lebanon. Picher Randy Jones won his eighth-straight game and Jerry Pate captured the Canadian Open. Sony Inc. reported that second quarter profits were up 100%. The franc dropped against the dollar and the price of gold dipped to a three-year low. Lady Shalott and Mickey Cohen died. In rated at last, in Europe.

All of this the world briefly noted and then ignored. For 16 days last month, the attention of millions was riveted elsewhere, on the city of Montreal and the Games of the XXI Olympiad. Nothing rivaled it. For several hours every day North American sat captivated before three television sets, suddenly learned to the first points of Gino Bartali's wrestling. Even *Seaside Fever* was preempted. The world's leading newspapers ran Olympic stories on page one. No fewer than seven magazines displayed the pubescent form of gymnast Nadia Comaneci—the first woman to score a perfect mark in the Olympics—on their covers. In Montreal, waiters exchanged \$300 for \$100 in hard cash. Speculators lined up for hours to secure standing-room tickets or a brief glimpse of the Olympic Village. Teddy Savitski, Mark Ruggie and Queen Elizabeth came to call. In the streets of a city in which

The world was waiting for the return of Olga Korbut (above) to witness its close affair that began four years ago before in Munich. But instead it found a new darling, the wallflower, unworldly Romanian Nadia Comaneci (left). Her perfect scores on the uneven bars and balance beam produced two gold medals and her all-around performance a third. Korbut outwaged an individual silver and a team gold, but also her time had passed.

even the women who broke Jelencova's (Winnipeg) literature are dead there was singing and 3 a.m.

It was an occasion. Conceived in infancy and nursed amid controversy, the Montreal games—to the surprise of everyone—were executed with star-flawless precision. Predictably, there were complaints about security, but the indefatigable presence of Canadian army officers clearly had its intended effect. The closest approximation to an incident was the crowding of the closing ceremonies by a lone streaker. In the end, even Ruggie, Tallberg's State Olympique, an odyssey of classic proportions, was ready (if not finished). And though the debt for this fortnight's festival was estimated at \$1.5 billion and still climbing, Montrealers seemed to accept it with Gdansk indifference. Spent or mispent, the money had already changed



Comăneci fell in her act from the uneven bars—a double twisting somersault that remains a perfect 10—was judged for the title Sweetheart of the Games by Korean-Russian Matti Kim (right), an 18-year-old student who was guide in the vault (with a perfect score) and the floor exercise, and the silver for last afternoon's Dutch upstart Korbelt, and the great Russian gymnastic stylist Ludmila Tourischeva (below) who won the bronze for all-around performance, blessed them both and announced her retirement.

hands; one might as well enjoy it. Every Olympiad engenders its own set of heroes, new demigods of sport. To the athletes that bear the now legendary names of Kutsa and Zampok and Numa, the Montreal games will add Lase Viren, the invincible Finnish giant warrior, and the first man to win both the 5,000- and 10,000-meter races in consecutive Olympics. Nadia Comăneci, the still-14-year-old princess of the balance beam, a child in everything but grace. Vasil Alexeyev, the strongest man in the world, Alberto Tomba, a six-foot two-inch Italian revolutionary with the speed of Secretariat and the strength of Miss O' Waa—it is not for nothing that his coaches call him El Cebollito, Finia Sawwina, a 30-year-old Polish boxer-fighter and matador, competing in her fourth Olympics and winning the 400 meters (her seventh medal) in world record time. Steve Jenner: the essence of the American Way and quite simply the finest all-around athlete in the world, and Karelina Endar, owner of four gold medals, the finest wrestler of her generation.

That performance in Montreal transcended the narrow bounds of nationalism. Romania may have dedicated her victories to Fidel Castro, but her Russian link owns nothing to socialism. It stands alone. At the same time, it is best—sport is politically neutral. And these were the best



To watch Lase Viren fight off four challenges in the last stretch of the 5,000-meter race, his muscles and with agony, to see a doll-like Romanian teen-ager perform a double twisting somersault off the uneven bars, to watch Endar explode from the starting blocks to a half-mile lead—these are vignettes that possess their own exquisite permanence. "One day," said Comăneci, "my records will be broken. But people will always remember what I did here, that I won five gold medals." Four years hence, a new set of heroes will emerge, but these images of excellence will not fade.

There once was a time when North Americans knew little and cared less about the sport of gymnastics. That was before Olga Korbut. In league with Azzie, the net-

work of the Olympics, Korbut's acrobatic flourishes in Munich created an instant adoration of millions. In high risks, intense pressures and demanding skills were perfectly suited to the television audience.

Four years ago, the Japanese—Korbut, Ludmila Tourischeva, Nellie Kim—were the best in the world. But in Montreal they were all eclipsed by a four-foot six-inch, nut-eyed 14-year-old Nadia Comăneci, who in the opinion of the judges and the crowd, could do no wrong. Scarcely oblivious to the exotic whirr of movie cameras and motor drives, the crackle of cash bolts at the fiercest moments of Olympic competition, Comăneci moved through her daring routines with unshippable cool—certain missing so much as a toe point. On the balance beam—a few-inch width of polished spruce, four feet above the floor, she flipped effortlessly into somersaults, handstands and splits. On the uneven bars, she shopped her elastic body through breathtaking, razor-wire and fall down at high speed. Against that stunning daughter of a Romanian prince and princess, Korbut, Tourischeva and the others scarcely had a chance. Seven tents during the competition, perhaps swayed by the volatile crowds in the Montreal Forum, the judges awarded Comăneci the sport's highest honor—a mark of 10. But her victory dance seemed as programmed as her routine: a wave of the arms and a frozen smile that vanished the moment the television cameras turned away.

Comăneci was equally at ease with the horde of international journalists clamoring for her secret.

"How did Nadia feel about winning perfect scores?"

"It's nothing special. I have done it before."

"Is Nadia afraid of anything?"

"Only when I fight with my brother."

The media heavyweights came to stand at the side of gold—Nadia brushed them off like so much dandruff.

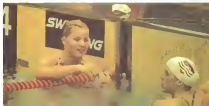


Individuals aside, the single most impressive achievement of the Montreal games was the performance of the German Democratic Republic. In all, GDR won 90 medals, including 40 golds—more than the United States or Japan or Great Britain. But the tally does not begin to suggest the East Germans' depth. In most Olympic team sports athletes scored in many fourth, fifth and sixth place finishes as they did from seconds and thirds. By 1990, presumably, the second rank will have developed into championships, and a new breed of juniors will have taken their place. They will be

graduates of the most intensely efficient sports system in the world, hatched a mere 15 years ago. There is no magic in the GDR program. A 400-meter track in Halle is not appreciably different from a 400-meter track in San Diego or—though Canadian athletes shun the recognition—Saskatoon. The force required to snatch a 200-pound weight is the same in its turf field as it is in Moscow. What the East Germans have mastered, however, is organization. From kindergarten through university, athletic abilities are screened and tested. Those who show special talent are en-

rolled in special sports schools, studying in the morning, training in the afternoon. Equipment, facilities, coaching—everything is provided by the state. The package is complete. Its motivation may be blatantly political and the system of selection, by Western standards, undemocratic—but after Montreal no one would dare pretend that it does not work. That a nation of 17 million people can produce 90 Olympic medals is a staggering achievement.

The GDR juggernaut was best witnessed at the Olympic swimming pool, a handsome, 15-lane affair conducted—it had



John Harter, middle row, and a swimmers, set the world record in the 100-metre and 200-metre backstroke events and helped the U.S. win its first two medals in the 400-metre freestyle and the 400-metre medley. To the two individuals gold is added as a silver for the 200-metre freestyle. But it was German dominance at the swimming. It was 17-year-old East German Kerstin Baecker (left) who won four golds and set records in the 100-metre freestyle, the 200-metre freestyle, and the 100-metre butterfly.



been broken—to five times. And so it was East German women set eight world records en route to winning 11 of 13 events. For most fans, the only name in doubt was who would win second and third. First place almost never went to a swimmers from Germany, usually named Karmela (Kanny) Ender, a 17-year-old swimming machine blessed with six 36 shoulders and a pair oficeps most men would be proud to claim. "She has a good stroke, she's as tough as nails, and she's about as attractive as the East German go," and American basketball specialist John Naber—a complement Ender might justifiably ignore. "She swims like a man," said Mark Spitz, an '83's color commentator. "I don't mean that pejoratively either. The male stroke is just more efficient. So is hers."

North Americans saw ample evidence of Ender's efficiency. At one evening session, she won two gold medals within 27 minutes in the 300-meter butterfly and the 200-meter freestyle, an achievement roughly comparable to running and winning a 400-meter and a 1,500-meter race in the same day, it isn't done. Far from swimming at the end, she turned into her last 50 meters head to head with arch-rival Shirley Babashoff of the United States, then simply geared into overdrive to win by a full length and one-half. "No one's going to beat Ender," said Canadian coach Derek Houlihan. "She's ahead of her time. Eventually, the rest of us may catch up, but for the moment she's unquestionably the best in the world."

The chief casualty of the East German coup d'etat was Babashoff, as 21 all-vacuum swimmers. "In the United States, people do sports for fun, not to live," Babashoff said, defending her silver medals. "For me swimming is fun, but it looks like it's a job for the East Germans. I wasn't picked to be a swimmer when I was in kindergarten and went to a training camp for



If as otherwise dismal Olympic for Canada, there were 15-year-old Mervyn Gosselin, who took the bronze medal in both the 100-meter and 200-meter backstroke. Her success was due at least in part to her coach, Nigel Kemp, who yanked her out of the middle of the night, where she was doing a part-time job as a waitress, and trained her behind closed doors to be a "team member."

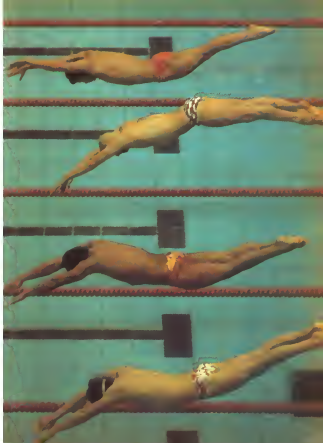
30 years. "Those girls are told when to get out of the pool. They're told to work hard and think of nothing but swimming," Scott said, warning coach Dr. Rudolph Schramm. "The American swim are as successful as our women. And they have fun!" Of course, the argument is invalid. It's not possible to do both well and not have fun. Come watch on TV and see for yourself." So saying, Schramm adjourned the interview for another training session.

In U.S. men's and women's seven teams were highly touted before the games, and while the men were through with 38 medals—12 golds—Banks mostly to John Naber and the above-mentioned Matt Vogel (second from top on the right) the women usually faced themselves, wrestling bridesmaids to the Best German. They did, however, win the gold in the 4x100-meter relay (left) and after Shirley Babashoff (being mobbed by her teammates) brought home four others.

The American counterpart to Ender was lanky John Naber, a six-foot six-inch basketball player with a taste for theatrics. He turned his four gold medal victories into the John Naber Hoop, waving kisses and the flag to a predominantly American crowd, acknowledging their apple pie with elaborate bows and at one point swimming four extra victory laps. A USC junior headed for swimmer in public relations, Naber proved as confident and congenial on-ovene as he was before the cheering crowds. "I feel a personal tie with the audience, and my behavior isn't rehearsed. It's just my way of relaxing tension. Why am I good? I put myself against myself. I know what I can do. I know what I cannot. I'm capable of doing better. If I'm going to go 35.5 and somebody else can beat it, he deserves the gold medal. You have to finish the pain barrier to have a great swim, and it's hard to get motivated to making it hurt. I'm almost tired of the sport now and when I'm tired, John says good-bye."

What Naber was not becoming the first man to break two minutes in the 200-m backstroke, or answering questions or answering Christmas graph sessions (he's a fundamentalist, though his parents are atheist) or playing his guitar, he'd stroll through the Village in his business—specifically not for the games by his grandfather's secretary, Mabel. "I keep my head warm, it's red, white and blue and it gives me something to do with my hands."

The son of a San Francisco business consultant, Naber spent four years in Italy (aged four to eight) and once spoke French fluently. An older brother is an A-1 student at West Point. A sister is a model and a second brother plays 60 minutes of high-school football. "My parents said to me, 'John, you find out what you want to do and we'll back you 100%.' They've given me the freedom to make my own decisions, and made me accountable for them." Few 20-year-old athletes anywhere in Montreal sounded quite so together. Even the East German dynamo was unable to shake Naber's confidence. Against the once national hero Roland Matthes (taking his third consecutive backstroke gold medal), Naber's wings of victory in the 100-meter event was so convincing, that Matthes simply withdrew from the 200 meters, and spent the rest of the meet coaching his himself, Kerstin Ender.





After he demolished everybody in eight time years ago in Munich, Teófilo Stevens (left) and wife Effendi had their divorce in 1970. But the 24-year-old Cuban hurdler lighted his last real race was back in the Olympic competition in Montreal, again dominating all comers and becoming the first heavyweight to win consecutive golds. Light heavyweight Leon Spinks of the United States, thrown on meeting with a jumping right in the jaw of Cuban Silvio Bertea, is not planning to repeat in 1980. He'll have pro sessions in his and of the Marlonas.

But John Naber's success in the gold was small consolation to the U.S. track and field team. For the first time in 48 years, an American did not place in the 100-meter sprint. For only the third time in 70 years, an American failed to win the 100-meter hurdles, as Frenchman Gley Dren fought off Cuba's Alejandro Casanova for the gold medal. (Asked how the French, so devoted to food and drink, could possibly produce an Olympic champion, Dren replied: "That philosophy is not altogether wrong, you know. Sports is important, but it's not everything. Life is short, and we have to live it to the full. I love sports, but I've never sacrificed in order to train. The day I don't see the day I quit.") Short punter George Woods barely qualified for the final. Marathon favorite Frank Shorter succumbed to the mass. The hills of Montreal and a trident East German named Waldemar Cierpinski in French second. Rana Kiewee destroyed high jumper Dwight Stoen, who had fouled for what seemed like months of his last peak gold medal victory in Montreal. "It was flat or dumpy or whoever is up there running the show," Stoen said of his final place finish. "I obviously wasn't supposed to win, I said all along that if it rained, Dwight is a big



quable. There's no doubt that if it had been dry I would have broken the world record and won the gold medal."

Among the American performers, hurdler Willie Davenport, at 33 the grand old man of American track and field, observed: "What we lack clearly is a post-olympic development program. The kids come out of college with all sorts of talent and training but nowhere to go. I think the United States is still as great as it was, but the rest of the world has caught up." The distribution of medals seemed to confirm that thesis, as 15 nations shared 23 possible golds.

Meanwhile the defense continued. Rick Weir (about the 800 meters) and Fred Newhouse (in the 400) had the singular misfortune to encounter Alberto Juantorena, whose powerful and sustained finishing kick in both events left other competitors motionless. "He's an animal," said Dwight Stoen, a name of infinite respect in the Stoen lexicon. "He's very strong and very relaxed and very aggressive," said Newhouse. "He was as tired as I was in the stretch, and we were even with 80 meters to go, but that stride of his is just that much longer than mine." A graduate student in economics at the University of Hawaii, and a former basketball player (and his coaches discovered he was more adept at running up the court than sinking baskets), Juantorena is 24 but appears older. When he gives interviews, only one eye stays in his goatee, the other soon peels away in traffic and winds at every pretty girl. His revolutionary fervor ("I have worked twice in the sugar cane harvests and, knowing the importance of sugar to the Cuban economy, would be honored to do so again") seems genuine. He belongs to the same Communist youth league as boxer Teófilo Stevens. Eight years old when Castro came to power in 1959, Juantorena remembers enough of the island's re-

gime to welcome socialism. "We have free clothing, free education. Did the revolution change sports in Cuba? Well, let's see: do you recall any medals we won before the revolution?"

In the crowded world of American exhibitions and traditions, there was but one notable exception. Bruce Jenner, a unique two-inch, 215-pound specimen of athletic perfection. Pushed and sold to only prize wire television one week, Jenner is in track and field what Nadia Comaneci is to gymnastics. He can do everything. During two exhausting days, he outperformed, out-jumped and outstayed the world's best athletes, to set a world record (8.618 points) in the decathlon and win a gold medal. The Americans badly needed Jenner's victory. He secured their berth in the system. He defended the flag. Eric Greifinger might win one of 14 medals in women's events, but there were no fence fences in the German Democratic Republic—so one with ten clean-cut, good looks, his total talent, his movement before a microphone.

Traditionally, the decathlon's 10 events have competition physically and emotionally divided. But barely 30 minutes after he had run the last event—1,500 meters in the available time of 4:12 minutes—Jenner looked like a man who had just slept eight hours in his bed. He looked like a 20-minute member of the competition. The advantage was still flowing. He was an athlete at the absolute apogee of his form. "Well, I did the third lap in 85 seconds and

There is a suspicion that the Russians have a breeding ground in the United States, and the 330-pound (small) Alexander (right), who Glen Jerred (left) pondered a gold and the world record, tried to give R. C. (center)





hills the best I've ever felt. And the more I picked up the pace, the better I felt. I couldn't believe it. I knew I was close to 8,000 points and I wanted to score 8,800 in the last race of my life. So I couldn't let down. When I crossed the line and saw my sign, it was the happiest moment of my life. I wasn't even tired. I've enjoyed the climb in the sun. I've set goals and met some of them. I hate to say a system was, but I grew up in a country that let me do whatever I wanted to do." The Americans had 7 weeks to train.



Poland's Irina Savitskaya is the Grand Old Woman of the Olympics. The Moscow games were her fourth, and each time Savitskaya, now 30, has taken home medals. This time it was a gold in the 400-metre, trailing 10 metres ahead of the silver medalist and establishing a world record: 49.29 seconds.

American Cheryl Foster (this left) was the favorite in the 100-metre high hurdles, but the odds makers hadn't figured on Gayle Beaton (center) of all France. They should have — Beaton Foster and everybody else in the world for the next two years with this style, strength and technique he shows leading the pack (right).

More surprising than even Foster's achievement was the twin goals of Luis Vitez. The soft-spoken Spaniard, "most of 1973 celebrating his dual Munich victories." Then through 1974 and '75 I had injuries and ran poorly. Few observers expected another double. But Vitez was ready. He spent five weeks running 30 miles a day through the rainforest mountains of Kenya, and another month in Colombia taking careful aim at when no one else was racing. He had never won a medal in the 5,000, 10,000 and quarter-mile races. But Zapach never had to run qualifying heats and the level of competition in 1972 was not inferior (The Czech's margin at victory in the 10,000 metre race was a tight 15 seconds). American marathoner Frank Shorter had even passed up the 10,000 race, saying it would be simply too difficult to run three long races (first, final and marathon) in eight days. But Vitez, planning two races in eight days, paced himself. He breezed through the heats, won a relatively easy victory in the 10,000-metre final (beating Portugal's Carlos Lopes lead for most of the race, then taking command with 400 metres to go) and prepared for the 5,000-metre final.

The expensive field included former miler like Dick Quax and Fred Dixon of New Zealand, who had great speed over the last 1,500 metres. To win, Vitez needed to control the pace of the race. If the early legs were too fast, he would have nothing left in the end. If they were too slow, his opponents would beat him with their speed to the finish. The early pace was fast





Aberto Tomba (left) used his double victory in the 400 and 800 metres—an Olympic first—to propagandize for his Cuban overlord and Fidel Castro. But nothing could detract from his performance, which included a record time in the 800, a distance he only began to run in May. Unlike Juvenberro, Michigan's Greg Joy (right) of Canada was outstaged by his American opponent, Dwight Hemm, who came away with a silver, the country's only medal in track and field competition. Russia's Tatiana Kazankina (jumping second from the left in the photo, below) lived up to her expectations, winning gold in the 800 and 1,600 metres, establishing a world record in the 800 of 1:34.84.



too fast for Viren's liking. So after five laps he went to the front and slowed it by three seconds a lap. In the last mile, the lead changed hands three times, but Viren regained it with 1,000 metres to run. "I thought it was over at that point," Quix said later. "I thought Viren was finished. I never thought he'd be able to sustain his lead." But he did—as first Quix and then West Germany's Klaus Wilschack and finally Quix came at him for the lead and then fell back. They could not catch him.

Only 24 hours later, Viren started his first marathon. He managed to stay with the leaders through 30 kilometres, but the strain of his other races finally caught him. He finished an honorable fifth, less than two hours 13 minutes was 10 minutes faster than Zatopek's time in 1952.

It was not an Olympics the Soviet Union would fully remember. The Russian soccer legend, scoring five times in seven games (one after professional) in the game, finished a disappointing third. After a critical 2-1 loss to East Germany, a senior Soviet football official noted: "Well, we'll have to get rid of

these guys. They obviously lack a proper sense of obligation to their country." By those standards, a number of other Soviet athletes may likewise have their performances rewarded. Sprinter Valery Borzov, a double gold medalist at Munich, finished third in the 100 metres and then failed to turn up for his qualifying heat in the 200 metres, sparking a confused number of his defection. (Another Russian athlete, 17-year-old driver Sergei Nuzhakov, did defect, reportedly with the aid of his American girl friend.) The men's basketball squad, gold medalists in 1972, were banned by Yugoslavia and forced to settle for bronze. The men's volleyball squad, double second to Poland, then consolated themselves with a four-hour shopping spree on sneakers, leather and blue jeans. Heavyweight boxer Viktor Ivashov, touted as a distant threat to Cuba's Teófilo Stevenson, didn't make a post his opponent's second round. But the most shocking Soviet embarrassment was occasioned by 45-year-old fencer Ilona Olyshchanka, who carried her quest for Olympic victory beyond good taste: he cheated,

By winning the double, Bruce Jenner (below) inherited the mantle of Most Athlete in the World. True or not, the 58-year-old American fully intended to cash in on it, perhaps following such predecessors as Bob Mathias and Katar Johnson into films and endorsements.



rigging the handle of his epee with sophisticated electronic circuitry, enabling him to record a "hit" on his opponent even when he hadn't. Had he been more discreet, maybe never have been caught. Instead, he began anguishing "has" even when he had not come close to his opponent. Finally a bit was challenged, the weapon seized and inspected and Oly-



sketchy flows home in disgrace, though not before he was overheard screaming at his coach, "You made me do this!"

Typically, the Soviets kept close watch over all their athletes—winners and losers alike. For the first 30 days, they were allowed outside the residential block only to eat and to train. Vans to the international sector, with no discotheques, cinemas, boutiques and videotape rental stores for every sport were forbidden.

But back in the fields of competition, the Russians produced a few heroes of their own—and provided them with ample rewards: an air-mailed 4,500 rubles (\$30,000) for gold medalists and half that to winners of silver. For the third-place athletes here, the unusually affluent Victor Sazonov won the Olympic triple jump. Hammer thrower Yuriyedykh defied his own coach and Munich gold medalist Annett Bonndorck to win the gold. "I knew Yuriy was better than I was," the budding Bonndorck said later. "To a moral sense, it was satisfying to see him win." Tatiana Kuznetsova, a frail-looking gladiatrix violent in economic free-Leningrad, became the only woman to win two gold medals in track and field, winning the 800 and 1,300 metres, the former in world record time. And superheavyweight Vasik Anyayev, perhaps the Soviet Union's most powerful athlete, set a world weight-lifting record in the clean and jerk, hoisting 362 pounds to win the gold medal.

And what of Canada—the first host nation to Olympic history that failed to win a single gold medal? On paper, the country's 11-medal total might seem a fair (even enviable) result. In reality, uponing, that the Canadian effort was actually a vast improvement over the team's performance in Munich. In the silver medals of high-jumper Greg Joy (runner John Wood and

negotiator Michel Yashinsky), in the performance of the sprint relay team, in the stadium demonstrations of Jack Decham's basketball squad (which finished fourth), there are grounds for optimism.

Every Olympic games its own setback. In 1968 at Mexico City, the army opened fire on protesting students killing eight. In 1972 in Munich, the violence moved indoors. 11 Israelis died from the guns of Arab terrorists. In 1976, a 29-second walk-out, the largest boycott in Olympic history. Poland has never been far removed from international sport, but seldom have their diverging interests been so misaligned. First, in the shadow of an American prison camp, grimly determined to misrepresent the event, Ottawa told the International Olympic Committee that Tarnawa, otherwise known as the Republic of China, could not permit to represent the ancestors of mainland China to 23 million Canadians who knew better. The Taiwanese could fly their flag and play their anthem, but they could hardly be allowed to support Sino-Canadian relations by selling themselves the Republic of China. Unwilling to accept this compromise, the Taiwanese withdrew—perhaps permanently—as did that new fascists the long-awaited admission of the People's Republic of China to the IOC. Finally, that even while Taiwan's athletes were packing their bags and heading for home, thousands of Olympics watchers were buying sweaters stamped MADE IN TAIWAN.

For more serious was the black African walk-out (23 nations in all) en masse in protest of a vote of South Africa by a New Zealand rugby team. "Sportsmen with the moral regime of South Africa cannot uphold support for apartheid," declared one African official. "This must not go unnoted. If New Zealand steps, we leave."

Looks like Van became the flying pool. First place in the great Peace Rally, winning the first second consecutive Olympic—the 8,000- and 10,000-metre events (that's West Germany's Klaus Feller. Heiderman trying to catch him in the 8,000 and 10,000 metres over marathon).

The African position conveniently ignored the fact that rugby is not an Olympic sport, that many other nations (including Canada) maintain sports in with South Africa and that their own black athletes—including such coming men as Filbert Bayi and Mervyn D'Silva—suffered more from the boycott, denied a chance to test their talent against the world after years of training. The African carried some headlines but not much more. Only a handful of newspapers missed their practice. Still, their walkout again underscored the political value of the Olympics, and its focus as a focus of world opinion. Condemns South Africa as the United Nations and a diligent reader of the New York Times might find the item on page 62. But dare to boycott the Olympic Games and the world jumps surely to attention.

The long term effects of the African power play are difficult to read. In any event, it is just one of myriad problems the IOC must soon grapple with. If politics does not terrify the gamblers, the issue of staging their meet, and the IOC must soon decide whether lefty Olympic ideals are worth a billion dollars and the threat of terrorism, whether all 21 Olympic sports are worth keeping, whether a permanent site in Greece (or elsewhere) ought not to be established. In the months to come, in the busy actions of Games and Leningrad, the IOC will do its work. The heroes of the 1984 Olympics have done theirs and taken their rightful place in history. ☐

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Last tango in England

The Ruling Class is scrubbing its own pools these days, and opening its stately homes to any commoner with 50 pence. All with a stiff upper lip, of course

By Joy Carroll

With the English pound languishing in the outer regions of \$180 and inflation (almost 19% annually) driving even the modest London subway fare up to 54 cents, every Briton is feeling the pinch—even the rich and the titled. Since the mid-1970s the British has dropped from the second richest nation in northwest Europe (behind Sweden) to the second poorest (one day above Ireland), and if economic conditions continue to deteriorate she may be poorer in 25 years than many of Asia's Third-World republics. Caught like every one else in the country's economic might are the owners of stately mansions embedded in ancient estates that swallow the bottom income taxes are now as inordinately \$3.8 on earnings over \$40,000 and a second income may soon be hit by a levy of 90%. In fact the British aristocracy, which for so many years has defined the lifestyle of the world's rich, is becoming an endangered species. Some 250 architecturally or historically valuable mansions have already crumbled beneath the wrecker's ball. Another 800 so-called stately homes are threatened with abandonment. In the past six months great houses have been disappearing at the rate of one a day. Within the next century, many recently sold Stour Park, which was owned for 300 years by a Roman Catholic family that sheltered hunted poachers during the Restoration, its manors, Lady Carroon, watched and wept. "We have gone by the subject," Telford sobbed, and the Ash and manor have done what Oliver Cromwell couldn't—driven us from our home."

For the day-hard aristocrat all this deterioration signals the welcome demise of Britain's rigid class structure. Lousy landowners and titled tycoons may soon be indistinguishable from the local down-to-earth happy ones for those who blame the "upper class" for every disaster from last summer's drought to the fact that the royal wrens have stopped laying eggs, but so for the aristocrats themselves. Many have selected their destinations through exile. The Duke of Manchester has gone to Kenya and Lord Gosham, the seventh Duke of Montrose, to Rhodesia. The Duke of Norfolk, premier duke of the realm (that is the



Hairdressers on the wicker bench at Stour Park (above). Ten feeling angels is still bewitched and behaviour Duthies of Arryl, the Marquis of Hartford at Rye Hall, and (bottom) the Duke of Bedford outside Woburn Abbey. The stately homes of England have beautiful they stand

oldest dukedom to retire into today) has abandoned Arundel Castle for a wicker gatehouse on the grounds, and Sir John Custer, whose family once paid Greater Toronto for consular, doesn't live there anymore. Still the stiff-upper-lip tradition lingers on. Britain's aristocracy is possessed of an aboriginal knowledge in the art of survival. They are Coming to Grips, Facing the Music. Footing the Thin Red Line—turning

their back to showmen by opening their homes to the milling crowds at 50 pence a head, offering bread and crumpets (in the form of tea and adventure playgrounds), antique car collections and a sail on a private lake. Some are taking in weekend guests, carefully screened by a London agent. Others are moving assets for the local marketplace, baby-sitting foreign children, stretching out their own swimming pools, growing sugar beets, raising farmland to waste in who can afford it over be evicted, opening riding stables, selling family silver, serving at their own dinner tables, using trout instead of the proverbial Rolls, breeding cattle, sheep or bees and quaffing more whisky than whisky. In many instances they have sacrificed yachts, villas and even beloved London clubs older than the Bank of England (one of them, White's, recently refused membership to Sir Harold Wilson). And always they go before them in the aspects of the government's impending Wealth Tax, to be imposed annually on people owning more than £100,000 of estate assets which will undoubtedly accelerate the closure of great houses all over the British Isles.

Deep in Devonshire, where the moorland roads form mazes permitting only an occasional flash of brilliant green fields populated by snorting herds of cattle and sheep, Sir Otto and Lady Peter-Peter (not a husband's spreading sin on a called Grange. It was generated in Elizabethan times, Moorland under the Georgian and a companion to last under the incumbent. "We only turn on the central heat for visitors," Sir Otto beams from the corner of his belly, my sweater streaming with caught threads and deliciously out-of-shown (but has not wrestling with the swimming pool dam), "so we're delighted to see you."

Sir Otto is a man of style. Brigadier General in two world wars, formerly a Conservative MP who used to have his own blue-water yacht (His name, Lancelotti, was a member of the Olympic riding team with Princess Anne and Mark Phillips). At Grange he keeps a single gardener—everybodyman manages his own set of flowers in an antique vase picked up for a song at





Christie's, and despite modest means often than champagne Lady Pease-Palmer cooks up a most quiche, keeps goats and grows her own asparagus. They have two dogs, a Labrador called Targuine and a Pekingese called Mr. Fox. (No matter how drastic the season, the English upper classes have at least two dogs.)

At a formal Saturday night dinner attended by three other local squires, conversation turns first on hunting: "It isn't as good as it used to be any longer," says Sir Otho. "I just walk along with the dog" and then to the proposed Wealth Tax. "I shall turn violent," exclaims one of the guests. "I like tax men over coming swooping around my house! Did you know they have the right to walk in anyone? The government will make everybody dishonest. People will simply hide their paintings and furniture." He is referring what every English landowner fears for the Wealth Tax, to be voted upon by parliament late this year, will be levied in addition to the already onerous Capital Transfer Tax, which is payable whenever assets of £15,000 or more are passed on as a gift or inheritance, and the 30% Capital Gains Tax. Moreover, the Wealth Tax will be the nose to British residents anywhere in the world as well as the

Lord Montagu, his horse (Paloma Mount), his car (Rolls Royce Phantom), and his wife (the Duke of Marlborough) at play in front of Marlborough House for the moment.



provisionally frozen ancestral traits.

Down the road from the Pease-Palmer holding, Richard and Bessie Chichester spin uncertainty in the difficult economic climate, determined to maintain their unusual style. A few years ago Richard secured a Dixon real estate agent with the request, "Have you a very large house with no central heat, no electricity, and no bad report?" When he recovered his wits, the agent admitted he had the very thing: a Victorian-Gothic grey stone house with a falling porch set in isolated hills beside a trout stream. The Chichesters (children of Sir Francis, who sailed alone around the world in record time) were enchanted and bought it on the spot, realizing that they could raise fish in the stream to supplement their income. "We couldn't afford a house like this if it had all the conveniences," Richard explains, "but we like the space." A house like this means, among other things, a front hall the size of three Canadian living rooms, a dining room modelled decorously with three carved alabaster heads, and a skylighted billiard room with a cupola-roofed ceiling. Most of the year it's warmer outside than in, but the Chichesters cheerfully jolt on steam passions and smoke up one of their many fireplaces. As compensation, Bessie Chichester can whip up a lavish plan with the carefree dining room for 35 guests ranging from an inveterate to a knight.

Not all aristocrats fare so well. Newspaper stories tell the caution that the Earl of Lucan was charged with the murder of his children's nanny and the attempted murder of his wife and then disappeared; that the penniless Duke of Leinster died of an overdose of drugs; that Lord George Browne was photographed lying in the gutter, that Lord Fitzhugh's bear shot himself, that Lady Carolyn Townsend, wife of Canadian liquor magnate Edgar Snowden, was divorced and a wedge of ivory including her doctor.

In the mediaeval precincts of her London drawing room, the Duchess of Angell is frankly worried about the prospect of a two-week loss of the United States by such wretches as the Margrave of Tarnobrod, (son of the Duke of Bedford), Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Devonshire and Sir Hugh Boscawen. "I hope," she utters in her mellancholic voice, "they aren't on a begging with a net." My English aristocrat makes an even wiser, not ask Americans to save us. But the Duchess needs worry—it is clearly a case of the British lords leaping through 10 American times on a punishing publicity tour for the stately homes of England—hailing credits for the coming festival season. Nor is the Duchess above a little showmanship herself. She opens her early 18th-century Mayfair residence to the public for \$15 a head on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays between the hours of 4 and 8 p.m. "At that price," she says, "we get only decent and serious people. It gets their

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"Wearing a Pucci print and a shimmering smile, her Anore face illuminated by improbably penetrable eyes, her hair springing upward like a combed chrysalis-murm, she occasionally conducts a tour herself which includes her own bathroom (close up by Sybil Maughan, Somerset's wife), all oriental bliss with silver mirrors and a table ducroire marked by a pinkish velvet commode. In keeping with bad taste, the Duchess employs only five servants where once she had 10, and the dinner parties for 50 of year-on-year an extract "If you give a dinner party these days, it's a snarl," she admits, "and nobody tells people arrive in time!"

But it isn't for the attention free alone that women show their ancestral treasures to the public. The Earl of March, who sits on the executive of the Historic Houses Association, puts it this way: "We aren't trying to preserve a lifestyle but part of Britain's heritage. My wife and I would be much more comfortable in a small, snug place but it is our duty to maintain Goodwood House." Invited guests consider Goodwood House one of the most beautiful houses in England, and though it is now divided into three sections—offices, public rooms and private—20 bedrooms are still available for Lord March's personal use. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip, complete with retinue, have roomed there during the riots. "Lucky

Queens," stresses one nervous poet, "to stay at Goodwood." Keeping cattle and Glenborough together is a prime sin of Lord March and his associates, for while the chateau of the Loons and the castle of the Rhine are starkly empty, most important British houses are still very much inhabited.

For Lord Hareford, great-aunt Viscountess of England, and Lady Hareford, it's a shrinking world. Once, they lived in Hampton Court, the family seat at Leominster in Herefordshire, with its 200 rooms. "I dreamed going in after dark," Lady Hareford recalls. "We used the servants' entrance at the back but it was lit brightly, lovely." She casts a loving eye over the chateau (remains of her new establishment, Hareford Court, with 20 rooms and central heating). Lord Hareford, who used to breed cattle of the same name and still has red and white horses (face stamped on place mats, crystal and his pipe, is it present?) is pug. "He keeps a condor like cook, a nanny for his son and a gardener for the duck pond and topiary done at hatched from new trees. "My father once complained about the miniature chateau at Hampton, so when I saw the chateau in the garden I knew we had to buy Hampton, I only to see father's face," Lady Hareford confesses. Although they live on what for them is a "retired estate," it is apparent that occasional paying guests

are welcome here. Lady Hareford likes company from outside. She still loves to lunch in London's trendy restaurants—Dorset near Sloane Square, Six Lanes on fashionable Beaumont Place or San Francisco on Pall Mall Road. Her eyes take on a dreamy look at the mere mention of Hareford.

Sharing some of the same problems, but hurt by lack of funds, the young Baroness of Brocket, 24 and just out of the army, takes a do-or-die stance. Brocket Hall, an heir's drive from London, is reached by steep, though perilous gates, a winding drive over gentle Brocket hills and an old-world stone bridge with a six-arched archway mark. The Hall's rose-brick light blue are softened by a moorland that looks like stone lions crouching desperately on grass, which badly needs a manicure. Once, in the early 19th century, that was the sporting ground of Lady Caroline Lamb (first known as Byron's lover) and her husband, Lord Melbourne (favorite of young Queens Victoria and later Prince Consort of England). Lord Brocket is very, realistic and currently hard-pressed for cash. He thinks warily of selling a well-kept, half-light portion of George III which hangs in the billiard room to pay for repairs to the house. "The painting's worth half a million pounds but after taxes I'd be lucky to have two pounds left, so I'm opening a commercial riding stable instead."

Lord Brocket is a new-generation lord,



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coincidentally admitting that class envy is at the bottom of the crushing tax load imposed by a socialist government. He recently questioned two strangers peering under his drawing-room windows with dilapidated "Would you let me peep on the front lawn of your Crystal House?" The attention shifted off. An Lord Brocket said with a note of "I'd just have it, you can't have it." The government's greed and redistribution of the country's wealth. The Welsh Tax is an attempt to put the aristocrats' money where the socialist's mouth is. As Vice-Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey admitted in a speech to the Backstop Labour Party conference a year ago that "if your government confiscated all incomes over \$12,000 a year that would bring in only about \$900 million [about 1% of government revenue] more and for all because of course nobody would get incomes above \$12,000 after the first year." But despite constant harping of his foot-puffs by impecunious, starving gnomes and collapsing roofpuffs Lord Brocket feels it his duty to repurchase Brocket Hall because, "We English will hang on until we're dead broke."

The quintessence of the shrewd, winning, softest kind of 1978 is Hugh Edward Conway Seymour, eighth Marquess of Hertford (pronounced Harford), descendant of Henry VIII's third wife, Jane Seymour, and Master of Ragley Hall. Married

The Pottersby-Pases at Brynmor of Evesy, and (below) Lady Townshend there as no need to ask for whom the bell tolls.



to a Countess Louise de Camille Chirney, herself the daughter of a prince, he amply combines work and hobby in master restoration of the family seat. Ragley was designed in 1840 by architect Robert Hoske and has been in Lord Hertford's family ever since. It is a chimerical, 111-room ramble with a great hall 70 feet long, 40 feet wide and 40 feet high, a south staircase and a north staircase, a green drawing room and a red saloon. It sits on a fertile fescue which adds a fair village and a property called Cold Cornfort Farm, formal gardens planted with 2,000 roses graduated carefully from palest pink to deepest magenta and 15 brightly parakeets including a white one called Jack. "A neighbor offered me the white parakeet free if we'd take Jack's friend as well, and the friend turned out to be Agapornis, the ugliest bird in the world," Lady Hertford says regretfully as a moth-eaten, discolored duck hatches by. "What's more, Jack doesn't even speak to Agapornis. But what can we do?"

The Marquess' family shares the house and grounds with a paying public: dining, drinking a fine Bloody Mary made by the Marquess and playing Saturday night poker in the same rooms that are periodically roped-off for the gophers at 60 pence a bid. Weekday mornings, Lord Hertford supervises his large domain from an estate office. As well as the restorers at work on Ragley, there are his mounts to deal with, the dairy herd of 150 Friesians, bookings for weekend guests at £50 per head per night (with bed and breakfast) and elegant group lunches at £25 per plate (he also has a flock of sheep). Each spring he puts up a sign to deter wild drives across his park. Lord Hertford says: "I've never had one since a fox for advertising the use of commercial furniture was throughout the Hall. Driving around his measure keep him to the road toward a cottage. "My tenant there is 90 years old. I can't put up his rent because he can't bear what I say. So the only way a pound a week." He considers this quite fair, but when a gap-toothed neighbor is to copulate at the gate for a conference he decries the man's selfish explanation. "He's a gloriously old man and I want rid of him. But you can't put tenants off unless they commit murder."

Life at Ragley Hall offers many little pleasures: a brook, breakfast in bed, heated towel racks, a rare clock collection, and suburban hot-water bottles at the bottom of the bed. Not to mention swimming and sailing in a private lake, riding, walks in Lady's Wood when the bluebirds are carping the fields, and beautiful views from every window. Lord Hertford knows why he is still at Ragley, despite the cynical pointers, and he sums it up for every owner of a stately home when he says over his evening cocktail getting across the formal garden toward the mile-long avenue beyond. "Even when it's not as pleasant it's acceptable. Why would anybody want to leave all that?" World just?"

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People

Eighteen months ago **Kakehi Tanaka** was one of the leaders of a man used to be called "the true world" head of a political party that's enjoyed 34 years of uninterrupted rule. Prime Minister of Japan. He was also rich beyond recall, had an extensive estate and a private collection of golden cups. Then, one morning in late July he found himself in a five-by-seven-foot cell, solitary known as a "pygmy," stripped of all means of self-defence as well as his house (besides advice the Japanese newspapers switched from calling him "The Honorable Mr. Tanaka" to just plain "Tanaka"). The mighty fall in this case because of that well-known Johnny Dol-



Tanaka, when you get it, don't throw it

larsend of the animal industry. Backed Tanaka's alleged confession (trial by newspaper is apparently the system of choice in Japan) had him personally paying \$14 million of a Lockheed subside \$125 million paid to buy four jet fighters in the form of contracts. Tanaka's confession, at least as adjudged by the London Sunday Times man in Tokyo Robert Wharmist, attached not so much from the fact of his crime but in his capacity, plus his Liberal Democratic Party's immediate need for a scapegoat. He gave corruption which every member of his party practices a bad name.

If he had done what she did at any other time when she did it **Gwyneth Kinnear** would almost surely have been the most Canadian Southwestern. But Canadians were preoccupied with the City in pro and hardly noted if they arrived at

ally that the 16-year-old Montreal ballerina had at the International Ballet Competition in Bulgaria outshined all the world saw one Russian in her (quest)



Kinnear: the conquering heroine

disillusion and returned to Canada and Los Angeles Ballets (Canadian with a whet medal. In the past, two other Canadians have won prizes in the competition: Marlene Van Handel (now with the American Ballet Theatre) and Nadia Potts (of the National Ballet of Canada).

One of the favorite passing parties at the elite pool has traditionally been, who is the richest man in the world, anyway? Not having access to much information about the magnates of India or the sheikhs of Saudi, they generally settled on three candidates: Howard Hughes, J. Paul Getty and H. E. Hark. Now that all are gone to that big endless in the sky, who is the richest man in the world, anyway? A good guess is that in the English-speaking world he is an American millionaire in the line of high-tech, pharmaceutical or oil. **Dorland H. Ludwig**, now 79. His estimated personal wealth is about five billion dollars, and it's derived

from such diverse assets as shipping 980 oceangoing ships (including six of the world's largest oil tankers), half of 4 million acres of Alaskan land, 100,000 acres of timber, 100,000 acres of minerals, 100,000 acres of farmland, 100,000 acres of ranches, etc., etc. Appropriately, Ludwig, who lives in a penthouse in New York City, had trouble beginning when he was a 16-year-old he salvaged a stolen boat, made the necessary repairs and sold it with 100% profit.

The meaning of The Beatles perhaps the greatest focus of speculation in the rock world since the "death" of **Paul McCartney** in this quarter of the year, there. Both McCartney and **John Lennon** b-



Lennon, McCartney, Starr, and one to go

are participating in a new **King's Bluff** album, providing specially written songs (and Gold from McCartney). *A Star Is Born* (and a Rock Star, too) is playing out the fourth season. **George Harrison**, did not show up.

Catching up with Canada's Funniest People (again), in our parade from Toronto **George Taylor** had forsaken the guitar and bench of big-time TV (MTV) and the battle and battle of the big city (Toronto) to move constantly at the side of the Man She Loved in music, Vancouver, where he was. **Phil Spector**, is playing out his first year, continuing role in music of that city. Today's story opens with Taylor leading off overtures from three local television stations, describing his professional life as being in "a holding pattern" and with Max of Phil's defying offers to run federally for Joe Clark's Tories, a party to which he has never been a party. We pick up his executive assistant Gordon Campbell, as he's saying "He's played out of politics. Other things are distracting him—like Canada." Many said



Ludwig/Hughes/ST

The World

Whom the gods would destroy . . .

When the son of Ugandan President Idi Amin complained only this month of mistreatment in the hands of fellow students attending Kampala's Makerere University, the systematic hatred rampant in typically racist Ugandan society was in evidence. In an outbreak of fury, Amin ordered his troops onto the campus with the freedom to do as they chose. Perhaps reflecting the emotions that were then and were to characterize the president's behavior, the soldiers opened fire on the unarmed students and, according to reports reaching Nairobi, killed five, wounded dozens of others and arrested several hundred.

It was the kind of action that has come to define the fearful, paranoid and increasingly primitive society now existing in Africa's Uganda. With the country's borders virtually closed, freedom of movement on the full scale of economic activity is virtually stifled, and by the reports from officials within the country, from official radio broadcasts and from those who escape after a perilous journey, the situation. Amin's personal regime is built essentially on fear: fear of an omnipotent leader, fear of a bloody reign, fear of the unknown, fear of simply looking or talking in a way that might be interpreted by some official as anti-Amin and the daily fear of being associated by implication with a rebel leader who wants to ouster himself from the government.

Another pillar of Amin's empire is the society that surrounds it. As early as November, 1972, when Amin had been in power for only a few months, his foreign reporter was able to enter the country only by having an African intermediary promise a drunken Ugandan official she would spend a night with him sometime in the future. Once again, European and African alike must resort to bribery or seduction if they were to be allowed to enter areas and if a minimum of three men were used to teach the rendezvous point. Teachers, judges, army officers and Ugandan journalists were disappearing by the hundreds, with their bodies—often badly mutilated—found scattered by roadside, casually discarded and brutally mutilated. Since then, the terror has deepened.

Journalists trying to decipher events in Uganda now have been told to watch



ing over their noses in Kenya as far as a day to listen to the English news from the Uganda Broadcasting Corporation via satellite source of information, use at Amin's official and much used mouthpiece and the president's own explanations of events, while generally intended to confuse and mislead, can sometimes provide confirmation of reports for reports that would otherwise be impossible to check. Near the end of July, for example, a Kenyan newspaper claimed Amin had narrowly escaped another attempt on his life when a group of heavily armed troops entered the presidential lodge and started shooting. The story was initially treated skeptically in Nairobi said (it is a characteristically cautious nation), associated that Amin and his family had been "trying out some modern and sophisticated weapons, which were used in the presidential lodge" and had shown they were capable of defending Uganda against any enemy.

was also later to deny when Amin severed diplomatic relations with Britain in July. The most chilling prospect

. . . they first make madder

was that the president would retaliate against the 200 or 300 British citizens still living in the country. He did in fact warn that "all British citizens still in Uganda are being watched closely and any found engaging in subversive activities will be dealt with severely." Uganda radio later quoted as "military spokesmen" as saying that "any British citizen who wanted to see Field Marshal Amin would have to leave before the presidential life span in the Uganda had to leave before the British in the early days of colonialism." Amin further used the occasion of Britain's diplomatic break to accuse London of deep involvement in the land and on East African support and Kampala to receive benefits in an unending hijacking. The British government, he said, "needs the support of the Zairians to control the economy and it is not surprising that the Zairians have presented British anti-breaking diplomatic links with Uganda."

Since then, diplomatic contacts say at least one British has been arrested for spying, although Uganda denies it.

Ever since Amin expelled 50,000 Asians from Uganda in 1972 as part of his "economic war," the country's economy has been deteriorating steadily. Foreign reserves have dried up, foreign food has become almost unobtainable and Kenya has blocked the passage of any freight across its territory into Uganda. Since Kenya controls Uganda's oil supplies, the latest move is to deny oil to Amin. The result is a total ban on private motoring, while withdrawing the refueling rights of all international airlines.

The overall mask appears clearly to be growing more and more desperate through Uganda with increasing tension and fear. It is clear that Amin is about to be overthrown. Should a successful coup be staged, one of the men generally considered a likely successor is Major-General Francis Nyang'oro, former leader of the army and once ministerial aide to Amin (he used to be known as Amin's aide). But he is currently being held under suspicion after being mentioned in the London Star. Amin's is a possible heir to Amin. In a possible successor development, Nyang'oro was arrested and his movements are being closely watched by Uganda from Montreal with the country's Olympic team. Another possible successor is Colonel Khader Sak, head of the commando unit that is the vanguard of Uganda's de-

fenses and who like Amin, is a former Masaka, Lt.-Colonel Isaac Lugemwa, a heavy-drinking, chain-smoking regular of Amin, is also reported to have considerable power as military headquarters although he is a Christian.

There are many other possibilities as well, some of them outside the country. But there is also a danger that most of the African commandos have no deeper political philosophy, education or ability than Amin himself. Many observers believe that because of the chaos within Uganda nobody with foresight and compromise would be prepared to step into Amin's shoes immediately. That leaves the disturbing prospect that the next Ugandan president will likely be a carbon copy of Amin.

STEWART BOMBERLAD

CHINA

The day 'fall-safe' failed

In 1968, a leader named Tung at China's Tianan men reported that "The Manchurian tiger has sprung, rising day and night." The tiger was an earthquake on the ground. The people were holding its head and screaming and the tiger got up from the water and lay down on the ground." To Tung, the tiger was screaming. He said the Tianan men had been warned, warning were issued and two hours later, confining his fears, an earthquake struck in the nearby Gulf of Puffin. No such warning came on the rain-soaked morning of July 26 when the world's worst quake since 1964 erupted in northeastern Henan Province, taking perhaps hundreds of thousands of lives and causing massive destruction throughout the region. And while China's immediate efforts are concentrated on burying the dead, treating the injured and planning for reconstruction, serious questions are being raised about why the country's much vaunted quake-protection system failed with such fatal consequences.

In the weeks following the quake, the world was given little information on the true extent of the destruction and Chinese policy but finally turned down initial offers of foreign assistance with a declaration that it would rely on its own people's self-reliance and the "international spirit of our people." The initial quake measured 3.42 in M.T. at Tangshan, a city of 1.2 million inhabitants located 100 miles northwest of Peking. Shortly after reports indicated the city had been leveled and that surrounding and much had collapsed.

Premier Huo Kuo-ling took personal command of relief work at Tangshan and Chen Pan in Formosa's People's Liberation Army to work, offering thousands of rescue workers, workers, supplies and teams to the earthquake area from Peking and Tianan. Barely 36 hours after the first quake, a second fierce tremor ripped through the Tangshan region as strong as the first. The National Geological Bureau in Peking rushed special teams to the



Peking residents salvaged whatever they could from quake-devastated or damaged homes. Then, made do on the outskirts, in everything from tents to straw huts.



disaster zone. China's quake predictors, who had boasted of forecasting a major tremor 225 miles from Tangshan only 17 months earlier, suddenly appeared almost clueless. They claimed the quake was not a quake-watcher, the Chinese have active a huge network of seismograph stations. They also have trained the minds of senior "barefoot seismologists" to help professional seismologists make moment-to-moment work, even the behavior of animals is an effort to forecast quakes. The main problem is in correctly interpreting the masses of detailed data collected through this elaborate system. Chinese variations occur. Animals, for example, may become erratic in behavior for reasons completely unconnected with coming quakes and crop regions can alter water levels.

The original quake measured 6.2 on the open-ended Richter scale, making it the strongest since an Alaskan quake in 1964

which measured 8.0. A quake measuring eight on the scale is classified as capable of causing tremendous damage. Shortly after the disaster struck, foreign technicians in Peking, including Canada's, began conducting assessment staff and equipment in the region of the quake. In addition, millions of people were moved out of their homes in Tianan, Peking and other quake-prone cities on the North China plain. They lived in the streets under makeshift tents made of plastic sheets, reducing daytime heat up to 32 degrees Celsius and the chill of night time rain. Heavily armed militia patrolled the areas to prevent looting and rioting. It was also feared the government might not be up to the task of dealing with the debris. It is common knowledge among the Chinese that Chairman Mao Tse-tung was in failing health, perhaps on his deathbed, and that the question of his successor has yet to be resolved.

For old friends, the quake was another dramatic sign that the "manhood of heaven" was about to be removed from the Chinese leader. They considered other signs as well, a mysterious massacre shown on Kung premier in March, an eclipse of the sun over Shikang and two quakes earlier this year in Yunnan. The Chinese authorities took the serious situation seriously. Millions near in Peking began carrying rocks with food, soybeans and cashmere goods were not used on paired motorcycles. A key question for China-watchers now is whether the people will need to throw Mao and his supporters out for the quake but for the difficulties they face as a result of it. It was virtually impossible to assess accurately the impact on China's economy. China and towns near the epicenter will likely have to be completely rebuilt and the giant coal complex at Kailan, northeast of Tangshan, may take

Business

Making money in Moscow

Only traces of an ascent beyond the fact that the businessman rose in the early 40s, was born in Eastern Europe, which he left at the outbreak of the Second World War. He is as fiercely dedicated to the profit motive and capitalism as any man you might meet, but he has made his career by being both and forthright on the free Canadian economy. He is Canadian, just as American companies. He has made big profits for his clients and he has made himself modestly rich in the process. Throughout dinner, he avoided his company's work, succumbed about his own debts he has made with "the Communists," he called them. Or perhaps it would be better to speak of death he has sought through to victory, but they were rarely easy. As he tapped his coffee, he came back to his central point: "You don't start a large company if you are still asked a great deal of money in Russia even if you're on the small side. As a matter of fact, a lot of the big ones have lost a good deal of money in the Soviet Union. The important thing is to know what you're doing."

There is no business like doing business with the Russians. It takes great patience, extraordinary wit and, often at last, a strong inclination for alcohol. Soviet Communism promotes the cult of capitalism, but at the moment the Russians have no objection to the free use of capitalism for their own purposes. In recent years they have been proving themselves to be businessmen of a world class, though of a very unusual kind, and dealing with them is a screaming, exhilarating experience that also happens to be the world's number two political and military asseverator, has been a brilliant educational experience for many Western businessmen. The Communists are pretty good at managing the capitalism of their own game.

Canadian exports to the Soviet Union have had their ups and downs. In 1968 Canada sold \$100-million worth of goods to the Russians, the next year only nine million. In 1971 sales rose to \$126 million. In 1972, they rose to \$290 million, only to drop to \$29 million in 1974 and then to shoot up to \$400 million in 1975. The whole affair has been rather one-sided, during this period Canadian exports from the coast never exceeded \$25 million. These years when Canadian exports have moved into the hundreds of millions of dollars have been the years of poor Soviet harvests and the figures have reflected large Russian grain purchases. But Canada's non-grain exports have shown a slow

but steady rise and in 1975 they totaled \$35 million.

In the late 1960s, Canadian government officials and businessmen began to hear of Russian interest in buying their technology and know-how as well as their industrial products. A strong change in official thinking had taken place in the Soviet Union. "During time," Premier Alexei Kossygin had told a group of top Communist officials in 1966, "it is becoming more and more evident that the scientific and technical revolution under way in the modern world calls for their international contact and creates conditions for broad economic exchanges between socialist and capitalist countries." What Kossygin really meant, although he could hardly admit it, was that Russia was not only failing to keep up with the rapid pace of technological development in the West, she was actually falling behind. So the Soviet Union would seek to buy in advance in the West.

Since the beginning of the decade the Russians have been engaged in a giant dragon, trying to collect as much technical information as they can. Some of it they can get free—by subscribing to Western magazines, by giving people to quote prices with detailed specifications about the machinery they would sell, or by inviting Western businessmen to make private visits to the Soviet Union. An executive from a major Canadian forestry products company remembers how the process worked. "We was taken to a reasonably impressive park hotel. Arrived in the evening, we were introduced into the minister's apartment, where we were treated to a long, eight-course meal with plenty of vodka, meat. The next day, as we intended to be shown around, all of us on a table the same for meat. We were conscious that they were really trying to pick our brains. They staged debates among themselves that were obviously meant to draw us out and get information out of us about our processes. A few of us sat and told them about developments in our industry around the world."

But the Russians acquire more of their technology by buying it, and the Canadian government has been more than willing to "Our primary goal in supporting exports to the Soviet Union has been to foster export that would promote ourselves," says Robert Guymer, currently Deputy Export Director of the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce, and a man who was for three years Canada's trade representative in Moscow. "We wanted to concentrate on technological areas where

Canadian industrial experience gives us some sort of edge against other Western countries." Canadian business has responded with a good deal of enthusiasm, as well, although businessmen have learned that doing business with the Russians is hardly a sure thing. Says J. A. Miller of Washington (Canada), Limited, "There have been a awful lot of disappointments."

The first Canadian firm to sell the Russians a turn-key operation—a complete factory—was Bata Canada of Toronto. At the beginning of 1970, a Bata salesman was at the Soviet Union on other business (the Russians had been buying shoes in foreign subsidiaries for some years) and noted what was obvious—that the Russian writer—and what was somewhat less obvious—that the Russians lacked the good winter footwear cheaply available in Canada. During the next several months, Bata executives came to the conclusion that there was an opportunity to tell the know-how for Bata's "shoe-making" process for making winter boots. They contacted the local Soviet trade representative in Moscow.

"The Soviet foreign trade organizations are well informed and already knew about Bata and what we could do," says Frank Mulvey, the company's technical director. The Russians appeared interested and over the next two years Bata dispatched a series of sales missions to the USSR to meet with trade officials from foreign trade organizations, which actually sign contracts, and various ministries representing the different parts of the shoe industry. By June, 1972 the Russians had indicated that they were ready to agree to a contract. Shortly thereafter, a six-week negotiating team flew from Moscow to Toronto and a week later a more serious official period then. They followed 10 days of day-in and day-out negotiating. At last the contract was signed. The Russians would acquire Bata's know-how. In addition, Bata would act as a kind of general contractor, putting together all the equipment needed for a complete factory.

"The Russians didn't want to pay royalties," says Mulvey, "so what we figured out was what would be the royalties on a five-year basis of the plant, were producing at 10% capacity. From three points of view, it was better to pay a lump sum rather than trying to come up with an annual figure for hard currency each year, and we had to take that into account." CAU's businessmen point out another reason the Russians did not wish to be involved in paying royalties on

production. "The Soviets don't want anybody in a plant receiving capital."

By November, 1973, Bata had dispatched technical drawings and information weighing in at 850 pounds. A year later, the company sent a crew to help install the equipment, and in September, 1975, more than five years after the deal began, it was in another case to help start up the factory. "If you take the total time that elapsed from start to finish, it was a long time," says Mulvey. "But if you take the time actually spent on the deal, I don't think it is extremely long longer than it would with anybody else."

It was to Bata's advantage that the Russians already knew about their product. That's the first problem most businessmen face in the Soviet market. One way of getting it is through the local Soviet trade representative, although trade shows are better. Another way to make contact is to just go to Moscow. If you are not sponsored, you cannot get a businessman's visa, so you must go in on tourist visas and then knock on doors. That can be a very risky proposition. "It's bloody hard to get somebody in a foreign trade organization if they don't know the company by reputation," says Guymer. "That's why some guys in jeans, and the player is really busy."

Whatever the method, once contact with the foreign trade organization is established, you will often find he is not as interested by a technical man, as well as an entrepreneur who also has some technical background. The technical man will be fairly well informed about your industry and will have some idea of what your product might be the product. That is a fairly recent development. "If you're going to see a French businessman with long experience in the Soviet Union," you had to negotiate through Soviet security men. At the foreign trade ministry you would actually be talking to an agent who knew absolutely nothing about business, and he would have to make what you said to the trading specialists and then relay back to your own agent. It was terribly hard. But now you can talk directly with the trading specialists. As a result, the Soviets are more discerning buyers now than before."

If there is interest, you advance to the next stage. At a typical meeting, you might be taking across the table from seven or eight people. The setting is more formal than it would be among Western businessmen. There might even be table Canadian and Russian flags on the table. The Russians will represent different ministries, foreign trade organizations and universities. "There are always some mystery people who are never introduced," says a Canadian businessman who has sat in on many such negotiations. One man does the bargaining for the Russians through an interpreter, although almost invariably the Canadian seems that he understands English. These documents tend to follow a

rigid pattern. Russian bargaining procedures are partly taught in foreign trade schools. "The Russians like you to be taught," says one experienced businessman. "They don't like the weakness. They're cautious. They love to haggle. Also, they have to show their respect that they've been done the price. They key for a Western company is to calculate how far you can go." The foreign trade organization officials also try to drive down the price for a somewhat capitalist reason. "A top book value is usually set for the PTO," says Guymer. "What they say, they can keep as a bonus. It means that they're allowed to go for the best back."

They generally seek three bids for each deal. They then negotiate down to the last day with all three companies. They want you to know that there are two other companies competing, so you will bring down your price. Some domestic other industries become outrageous. A leading Canadian manufacturer in the wood fibre industry, who had previously made contact with the Russians, was in Santiago, Chile, when he received an urgent Telex asking him to come to Moscow to finalize a deal. He left at once, flying virtually nonstop, and on his arrival convinced the people who had sent him. They politely asked him to be patient. He waited 10 days. Nothing happened. Finally, he finally left, only later realizing the Russians were using him as a



The Russians believe that the way in a businessman's brain is through the stomach. First, they, a night of Banquet and much vodka, then a little brain-obliterating meal, then a harpist with someone he hasn't off the wit about his

ing money to get a Danish company to come down in price.

The Russians will apply pressure in many other ways. For instance, they will not contact you for a week, leaving you to do nothing but sit in your chair and wait. They know you will get to them, and they let the time between meetings drag on and on. Successful businessmen in East-West trade have learned that there comes a time for the actually staged welcome. One skilled businessman announced to the appropriate official at a foreign trade exposition that he had his ticket for a flight on Saturday morning, four days hence. For three days, he waited in his hotel room. Two weeks Saturday morning he was in the airport. He was about to go through passport control when a voice called out after him: it was his friend from the foreign trade organization who had been asked to enter the department area. They had made up their minds. The deal was paid the following Monday.

But the delays can be more than mere annoyances. The Russians have problems of their own. Their decisions are rarely the result of a bargaining process among competing interests. Most often, the decision is theirs alone. A rift exists between the managers from the industrial enterprises, who are anxious to get the equipment, and the people from the foreign trade organization, who are trying to draw down the price. The smart Westerner will try to make an "alliance" on the meeting room with the industrial people. But the Soviet system can be even more Byzantine. A Canadian paper industry executive told his Russian negotiators about his relationship with the Russians: "One day I was in a meeting with them. They were talking about a machine. I said, 'I want to get it for \$100 million dollars. I want to get it from some guy who I know so that any reputation will be protected.' If he buys something from me and it goes wrong, he will be held responsible. That is, he bought the same equipment at the same price from a Soviet, relatively unknown company. 'But that means,' says Gaynor, 'is that they're not buying.' We don't want to know about it before anybody else. We're happy to know about it much later. What we want to be sure that it works.' "An American businessman mentioned in Moscow for several years came up to the way "The Soviet people in it will send the world market makes a choice and then to adapt it. Then they send the risk and use the research and development and competitive costs. But that keeps them in a state of dependency. I get the impression that it is deeply deteriorating for their own sake, people who say work that way 60% or 80% through a project, and then have 60% or 80% of the project, and then have the rest of the project. It's a very bad situation. The foreign trade organization makes a purchase from the West."

A second problem of Russian business is that nothing is for certain. The Western businessmen must be prepared to have everything go right with a deal and then find the project delayed by factors that have nothing to do with it. "Four years ago," says an executive from an Ontario manufacturing company, "we were about to sign a deal, but then we didn't hear and then we heard they had changed their minds. No explanation. And then I read in the newspaper (but they had lost their word) that they had changed their minds. Our buyer had had his foreign currency allocation withdrawn so that it was not possible to get the deal. We had to get our deal going again."



Although vodka and driving under the influence are legal, vodka drinking is to be highly formalized, with the order across a table (sometimes decked with flowers) and a finger from a group of businessmen, including some who had been in the category of "imprisoned people."

In addition to questions of etiquette, Western business has learned some principles about how the Russians do business. First and foremost, the Soviets want to know. They do not want to make a mistake. "You can't blame the foreign trade deal," says Gaynor. "The key is to know. I'm trying to get \$100 million or five million dollars. I want to get it from some guy who I know so that any reputation will be protected." If he buys something from me and it goes wrong, he will be held responsible. That is, he bought the same equipment at the same price from a Soviet, relatively unknown company. "But that means," says Gaynor, "is that they're not buying." We don't want to know about it before anybody else. We're happy to know about it much later. What we want to be sure that it works." "An American businessman mentioned in Moscow for several years came up to the way "The Soviet people in it will send the world market makes a choice and then to adapt it. Then they send the risk and use the research and development and competitive costs. But that keeps them in a state of dependency. I get the impression that it is deeply deteriorating for their own sake, people who say work that way 60% or 80% through a project, and then have 60% or 80% of the project, and then have the rest of the project. It's a very bad situation. The foreign trade organization makes a purchase from the West."

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Doing business with the Russians gives much more sense than you have made your deal and established some support. The Russians are not so much to find out the deal, but the foreign currency has been allocated to the factory that a year end-term, and then come within \$10,000," says a Canadian whose company has done several million dollar business with the Russians. "A friendly atmosphere can help. After you have done business with them before, they can come to you and say we have such-and-such a number of rubles and what can we get for it?" The question of finance is very important in doing business with Russia, which suffers from a chronic shortage of Western currency. Normal financing has generally been used for the sale of high technology products. The Russians generally pay out long-term for financing rights in addition to credit from the Export Development Corporation has recently become available on a large scale to finance sale of capital equipment. Such credits, below normal commercial rates, are meant to be competitive with similar subsidized rates offered by British, American, Japanese and French governments agencies. "There is a line of credit up to \$250 million waiting to be used for business with the Soviet Union which will lapse if it is not used by the end of 1990," says an Ottawa official. "The Russians are looking for something upward of \$150 million as an amount of investment and hopefully will turn into business."

It is natural to wonder about corruption—bribery and the black market play to important roles in the Soviet economy—but it is doubtful that it stands on any significant scale in Soviet economic dealings with the West. For one thing, those having contact with foreigners are watched too carefully by the state. For another, a Soviet citizen could not readily dispose of foreign currency without incurring the gravest risks. A Westerner can, however, provide small amounts and favors. The Russians have an unusual appetite for Western goods and products, from tractor wheels and good quality cars. The Russians are familiar in the West. "Daily top officials can usually obtain pharmaceuticals from outside the Soviet Union," says a businessman with a good deal of experience in Moscow. "So I remember this bringing me medicine for the wife of a foreign trade official. He is very appreciative. Is this what I don't think is a favor? It makes a little easier for the wife. And it makes a little easier for me. I know of cases where the Soviets have sent a delegation to negotiate with a big multinational company. They are not so much to find out the deal, but the foreign currency has been allocated to the factory that a year end-term, and then come within \$10,000," says a Canadian whose company has done several million dollar business with the Russians. "A friendly atmosphere can help. After you have done business with them before, they can come to you and say we have such-and-such a number of rubles and what can we get for it?"

how to bring other people around the world as well. Still, a businessman would be wise not to make the problem exactly the Russian state maker. First in very quiet about the terms of its contract with the Soviet Union by which it built a giant steel factory in Togliattigrad. The Italian apparently thought that the steel would be sold only within the USSR, that the Russians began selling them in Western Europe. The Italian company, according to sources in the international business community, finally worked out an understanding with the Russians that they would not sell in some Western European countries. Only to see around and had Poland, for whom the first deal was a factory, selling the Western European "Polish" Poles. When the Russians found out they sold Fiat that the additional understanding was off, and now the Italian company must stand by helplessness as the Russians sell the Soviet Union. The Russians are not so much to find out the deal, but the foreign currency has been allocated to the factory that a year end-term, and then come within \$10,000," says a Canadian whose company has done several million dollar business with the Russians. "A friendly atmosphere can help. After you have done business with them before, they can come to you and say we have such-and-such a number of rubles and what can we get for it?"



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The other question that worries businessmen is whether the Soviets will stick to contracts. If anything, however, the Russians are more likely to stick to contracts. An English-based agent for a number of Western European and North American high technology firms explains: "Never in 20 years of experience of trading have I found that they wanted to wiggle out. The Soviet government, or not so potently. And that's not just my own experience. Why should they want to break a contract? It would make them look bad. Their sys-

tem doesn't allow it." Even here, however, things are not quite what they appear. "It has never been a serious situation where the Soviets clearly and unambiguously were in default," says a banker. "But if you sign a poorly worded contract, with some pitfalls for the supplier, so that later they can effectively exploit it, or if they later realize there is a loophole favorable to them at all, they will be as legal as they can."

One must be careful not to overlook the possibility that the Russians may one day soon be richer as well as buyers of technology. "A large number of Soviet scientists, such as banks and shipping companies, are going abroad," observes a Montreal-based agent. "They are going there, they are operating almost exclusively within the realm of East-West trade; they are now extricating themselves elsewhere, in areas that have nothing to do with East-West trade."

There are indications, too, that they are moving into high technology on a major scale. "We should never underestimate what their technology offers," says R. K. Alexander of Canada Wire and Cable. "I remember in 1973, some Western companies said it would take five or 10 years before the Soviets made a major sale in electric power equipment. Now, they have already won large contracts for turbines from Manitoba and British Columbia. Whether North American firms or not, Russians are going to be competing vigorously in an international market, and perhaps even in our domestic markets. I had a discussion with a very bright trade official, of the other generation, perhaps 30-40 years old. 'Your country can do anything, but you can't make technology.' He replied, 'We've had a number of meetings on that subject, and you're right. We don't understand and making. We've identified the problems, now we're formulating a plan to fix them. It will take a while. I would like what he said seriously,' says R. K. Alexander."

Many observers agree that those whose sales represent low leaders for the Russians. They systems is still too rigid and too bureaucratic to adapt itself to the fast-changing world technological markets. "A Soviet trade official offered me a device for making television tubes," says a businessman who has made a lot of deals in the Eastern bloc. "He had good experience, long life, and was perhaps half the price of comparable equipment in the West. One of the biggest manufacturers of television in the world became very interested, and I did a trial order for their behalf for 12,000 19-in. tubes to sell at \$120 each. Finally, when I was out in Moscow, I was to see my man. He honored and bowed. He was clearly more embarrassed. At last, he said they might be able to provide four or five—in a year or two."

For a long time, Canadian businessmen will not have to worry about selling to the Russians. Which is bad enough.

Cities

Why are fewer people goin' down the road? Behold the new Halifax!

For years, when they thought about this place at all, Canadians (other than Nova Scotians) tended to regard Halifax as a dowdy garrison town that only came to life in wartime. Hugh MacKenzie's *Bowmaker*, *King* and Thomas H. Raddall's *Myths of the Week* helped to cement the image of period hat-faded fans living in a semi-perpetual fog. British sailors actually used to pray to be spared the indignities of "bell, hull and Halifax" and two generations of Canadian men carried the olive uniformity of this view down off to European wars. Now, Halifax seems left as quickly as they could across the seas—classical rail fare to Montreal, Boston or Toronto where a better life beckoned. No more. Today the coast has been revised, and people are moving into Halifax of their own free will. The warren of the east has become the sophisticated of the east—a metropolis that often surprises but always delights visitors and still leaves it long as residents fairly bewildered.

Instead of littered streets and dilapidated buildings, downtown Halifax is shocking in its city now often visiting swiftness and charming restoration, making asphalt and granite resources good enough to win some fans from so far as a suburb as Craig Chabot, the "New York Times" critic. The city's booming—a prospering cause in the more familiar docks of March 1945—retail sales in the greater Halifax area last year were \$585 million. In 1972-73 Halifax doubled its first-class hotel rooms. The metropolitan population (including Dartmouth across the harbor) has doubled steadily in the past decade to 240,000. Indeed, Halifax has become a kind of Atlantic regional capital, a close-to-home urban alternative for New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundlanders as well as Nova Scotians.

These cities are reluctant to admit it, but mid-coast development was largely respon-

sible for the reassessment of Canada's oldest city. The developers—mainly young—arrived in the city because steadily rising—had a solid economic base to build on—the regular pay cheques that flow from a provincial government, a major military installation and five universities. Up to 1957, when the Canada Permanent Trust Co. opened a new office building, there hadn't been a significant structure put up in downtown Halifax for four decades. Since 1957, however, the new buildings are almost too numerous to count. Once the developers got started, it seemed there was no stopping them. Builders poured in full-scale plans. Cities looked everywhere. Projects were conceived and completed in an astonishing rate. The psychological impact of Scotia Square—a massive (for Halifax) retail and commercial development put up by a group of Nova Scotia businessmen (including the late Colonel J. C. MacKenzie, the late Roy Jolley grocery magnate, Frank Sobey, the brewing

Glaxo entrepreneur Charles MacColl)—was remarkable. It was an \$80-million advance in looks and manner spurred as MacKenzie once put, by a realization that "something was lacking in our city. We all wanted to take part in its progress and development."

Today Scotia Square embraces 100 retail stores, offices, 18 restaurants, three office towers and a multi-center afflicting on what the city's development director, Robert Grant, says "used to be 35 acres of absolute slums."

If Scotia Square was the beginning of the rebirth of Halifax, the restoration that the city had valuable older buildings was the next stage. In the late 1700s, Halifax was the wealthiest commercial centre in British North America. Shipping, banking and merchandising crafts began there. Halifax, Granville and Water streets were the St. James and Bay streets of their day. Universally sought of the business mid-way to Toronto and Montreal, but the buildings remained, albeit in ever more reduced condition. Many of them have now been saved from the wreckers' bull by a different kind of developer—Historic Properties Ltd. The company, headed by John Fiske and the three levels of government, shared the eight-million-dollar cost of acquiring a cluster of stone buildings along the waterfront, buildings that once housed naval regiments and Victorian businessmen, lawyers, craft and antique shops,

an gallery and restaurants now draw tourists and dollars to a part of town respectable people used to shun. "Four years ago," says Fiske, "maybe a man would wander down to the wharf. Now I see 200 or 300 people pass by my office window every hour. People are excited to see the city core change from dilapidation to a re-created area."

Projects such as the one by Historic Properties not only won the approval of tourists (\$80,000 will visit Halifax this year spending an estimated \$50 million), they also reassure local residents concerned that the old port city was in danger of losing its character. Shop groups in the Heritage Trust fought to save historic buildings, including such as Grant Collins, a school principal who is the city's honorary historian, argued against endless development. Says Collins, who is so well known that a bulldozer operator once tried to hide when Collins came strolling by a demolition site. "There has been a developing pride in Halifax, partly as a result of the restoration of the waterfront and buildings that focused people's attention on their city for the first time. People have a pride for their city which has crystallized. It used to be there among the older people, in a quiet sort of way. Now I think it's among the young."

Meyer Edmund Morris, a former up- and down-to-earth, before a new up-

ism at work in the city. But he has to add, "one added to life is more relaxed than some other cities. Most of us don't live at the pace of Toronto or Vancouver." Maybe not. But they're moving faster than Halifax's did for a century. Says Dr. Henry J. Allen, a former mayor and former Nova Scotia premier who is now president of Dalhousie University (medical, dentistry, law as well as undergraduate courses): "Halifax needs to keep the momentum going. There is a very healthy local economy. It's a city that has an infusion of newer and younger men in business and finance" with the new prosperity and needs, apparently that "the hold of the old Halifax establishment has diminished."

Generally, there is no evidence of a slowdown. During her visit last month the Queen named the soil for a \$14-million renovation of the city which will replace the dilapidated Halifax Forum as home of the Nova Scotia (American) Hockey Federation's 1984-85 season. The Imperial Bank of Commerce and the 1 to Bank are building office towers (18 and 19 stories respectively). And no less than \$250 million has been earmarked for projects along the waterfront.

But the heart of Halifax is not all lawns and buildings. The colorful side of life is thriving too. Aside from the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, the Neptune Theatre and the various facilities offered by Halifax's universities, the city has several good art galleries, shows, movies and stages almost as thriving from the procession to the nearby Dartmouth aboard as do restaurants. The New York Times "Clubhouse" found the look at the First Parliament "rejuvenated" and described the radiantly named First Frank's as one of the most elegant restaurants in North America. Among other popular (expensive) eating places, The Henry House, a stunning restaurant on Barrington Street, The Gordale, known locally as Paul's, and the gourmet restaurants of the Chateau Halifax and Hotel Nova Scotia. Halifax's new blend of the modern and the traditional has rekindled a civic pride that not recently was muted. The city has always had its independent business, selling engaged in parks, gardens and the old Citadel. Now it offers so much more. As Robert Stastfeld, the former leader of the Federal Conservatives who still represents Halifax in the Commons, puts it: "Halifax is a beautiful city, one of the best in Canada with a distinctive character and flavor. I hope its future development will reflect and be in keeping with its character and tradition."

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The heart of the town buildings of the restoration Halifax, enthusiastically embraced them (far left). Fiske (center) was the man who took things even further, turning a dilapidated waterfront into "Prideaux's Wharf," a place of charm, shops, good food and shops like The Nova Place (left).

Science

Journey to the stars, part two: The Martian Chronicles

Seven years after the first Apollo landing ("a giant leap for mankind") and Star Trek ("to boldly go where no man has gone before") were into reruns, earthlings had become a trifle jaded about space. After all, Alan Shepard had already played golf on the moon and Captain Kirk had tickled through the galaxy, fighting Klingons and meeting such space bastards as, for example, along came Viking and with it, despite competition from the Olympics, some of the old excitement. Mars, the mysterious yet astonishingly close Red Planet of science fiction and scientific fascination, has been unveiled—literally—with the old Cosmic Willeys theme—by mechanical man. The spindly Martian under Viking I remarkably similar to the Apollo module that set Neil Armstrong on the moon, touched down perfectly on the red, rock-strewn surface and achieved in a new era of exploration: a cosmic leap forward in man's eternal quest for information and his search for other children of the universe. By any measure, it was a stunning achievement—and inevitably it was only the beginning. Generations to come will need further.

The more elaborate and, at one billion dollars, the most expensive unmanned space venture to date, Viking had strong overtones of a philosophical achievement—a quest for life beyond earth. Of the solar system's eight other planets, only Mars seems most likely to harbor life as we know it. Mars is barely half earth's diameter and 40% farther from the sun—a combination that has prevented it from attaining an atmosphere that apparently used to be as dense as our own. Occasionally the thin Marsian atmosphere gets whipped into a savage maelstrom with gales sweeping reddish dust into storms that last for months. During the last space mission of Mars in 1971, Mariner 9 was frustrated by such a storm. But it was calm when Viking arrived after an 11-month, half-billion-mile voyage. After two proposed landing sites were rejected because of rough terrain, U.S. scientists chose a location known as Chryse Planitia, on the basis of its low altitude (where there was more likely to be water) and smooth appearance.

Viking is mankind's eyes, nose, hands and to some extent, mind embodied in a robot on another world. But its nerve center is the Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) in Pasadena, California—a massive research facility run for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration by the California Institute of Technology—where some of the nearly 500 scientists and

technicians now working on the mission have spent eight years planning it. When the landing was achieved at 8:13 a.m. (on July 20) noon of approval surged through JPL. Even more dramatic were the photographs—the first from the surface of Mars barely two hours after the landing. As computers had converted the spacecraft's electronic whisper into a dozen scene-variant views with rocks and pebbles. Then the camera turned its gaze toward the horizon. The picture was so sharp and revealed a wealth of such detailable, just beauty that

some scientists quietly wept. The next day, a stunning color photo arrived.

Viking's origins date back to 1956 when Percival Lowell's *Mars And Its Canals* was published. Ever since, Western civilization has been obsessed by the thought that Mars may be inhabited. Although the Italian astronomer Giovanni Schiaparelli was the first to observe the dry river beds on Mars it was Lowell, the American, who established that concept—he translated the Italian word for "channels" (fiumi) into "canals"—to embody the idea of an



Mars as it appears from Viking mothership, now in orbit: the Angry Red Planet!

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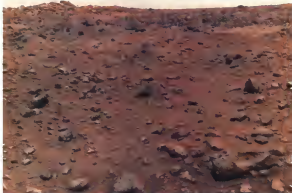
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Chryse Planitia, Mars: rustlike soil, pinkish skies, blue-black rocks—but none of the things our fantasies were made of

ically saturated waters created by a drier civilization. The Low limit vision of Mars has never completely died, and it still haunts astronomers. When Viking's first photos came in, Cornell University's Carl Sagan, the generation's most eloquent planetary scientist, issued a necessary warning. "We don't see any plants or tools or animals, at least not where Viking landed but we can't conclude from this that there is no life on Mars." Almost no one expected plants or animals—but many scientists do think microorganisms could be present in the soil. Says Sagan, "Many terrestrial microorganisms could survive indefinitely under Martian conditions."

The question of life on Mars usually hinges on the abundance of water. Telescopes have detected discouragingly small amounts of water in the Martian atmosphere. What keeps the hopes of life searches alive are hundreds of dried-up river beds on the planet. Since there is no water in the channels now, they must have been carved some time in the planet's past. The critical question is how long was the water present and where did it go? One of the first of Viking's findings has shed some light on it. During the spacecraft's entry

into the predominantly carbon dioxide Martian atmosphere it measured two previously unobserved gases in significant amounts: argon and neon. Nitrogen implies a different Mars may have existed billions of years ago. "This new information on the Martian atmosphere allows us for the first time to speculate on the early history of Mars," says Dr. Michael McKelvey, a Harvard University specialist on planetary atmospheres. To get this quantity of nitrogen (about 3% of the total), McKelvey calculates that there once was the equivalent of 10 feet of water covering the entire planet. "There is no way that most of this could have escaped into space. It is still has to be on the planet," McKelvey insists.

Some of it is in the polar caps along with the frozen carbon dioxide there, but the rest of the water has to be underground in the form of permafrost. At one time, scientists believe, Mars had an atmosphere under its earth's. But when? McKelvey believes it happened during the first billion years of the solar system's 4.6-billion-year existence. When asked if water flowed on Mars long enough to allow life to develop, Harold Masarik of the U.S. Geological Survey, a chief Viking experiment, re-

sponded "That's what Viking should tell us. The finding of nitrogen makes our assumptions—a Mars that has never had nitrogen life is highly unlikely." The life detection experiments are now in progress. After a belly ache in 10-foot air, some life and reached from the side of the spacecraft to grasp a handful of Martian soil. The soil then being stirred and deposited in the soil in a hopper where it was distributed in three experiments designed to detect fundamental life forms.

Meanwhile Viking 2, an exact replica of its predecessor, is nearing Mars. Backed down, planned for September 4, will be in a region considered more likely to have underground water. But whether or not the Vikings detect life there are certain to be follow-up missions. What the Vikings find will determine the scope and timing of future Martian exploration. Even during the euphoria of the Viking I success, however, no one was talking of manned missions to Mars. Apart from the estimated \$150 billion price tag, the landing of humans isn't necessary—yet. Says Carl Sagan, "It makes a great deal more sense to send smart machines rather than smart humans."

TERENCE DICKINSON

Books

The gang that couldn't shoot straight, and the reporter who did

THE CANADIAN CONNECTION
by Jean Pierre Charbonneau
Ottawa: \$19.95

One evening in May 1953, a man walked into the Montreal newsroom of *Le Devoir* and asked for reporter Jean-Pierre Charbonneau. Charbonneau, then 23, identified himself. The man readily drew a revolver and, from a distance of 15 feet, snuffed off three shots at the young journalist. Other bullets smashed into Charbonneau's right forearm, breaking it. The man moved. To Charbonneau's surprise, the man's attempt on his life was no mystery. Somebody wanted to put an end to his career of writing exposes about Montreal's underworld activities. But instead of discouraging him, the attack drove him on—and the result is *The Canadian Connection*.

A painstaking research and writing job, Charbonneau's book is the authentic, incredible story of the illegal immigrant-mobster racket—with a difference. It's written from a distinctly Canadian perspective. Pizzaro (born Montreal) made a name in the bridgehead for the vitamin drug trade in North America. It was the French Mafia in France (who controlled the heroin supply) didn't run the Italian or Jewish Mafia in America (who controlled the racket). So the Montreal Mafia, trained by Italy, filled up with their illegal skills to do the construction job.

Charbonneau's book opens in 1934 and closes 40 years later. This is the first history of the Canadian underworld and Charbonneau, digging relentlessly into newspaper files as a means of showing back to him dead men with a vengeance. Bobbs, bootleggers, bettors, booties, gamblers, political shakedown artists, his chapters pages. All the time one of his heroes are being converted into money, while offstage thousands of men are being converted into vegetables.

Charbonneau manages once to bring us the action as Montreal police, undercover men and double agents play their cat-and-mouse games with the Mafia. Take police officer Frank "Big" Profitt. The police chief Profitt to play them got evidence on some of his old buddies who are running a big drug and gambling ring. Profitt says okay but he'll need a lot of help to do the job. The police chief, Simon (aka Donal) that Profitt in the line up, played by one U.S. Customs official. The dope problem Profitt was to meet are duly informed and duly notified. Excessive cheese but such gritty tape was the



Charbonneau was interviewed in the dispatcher

time. For a younger generation, Charbonneau features modern groups—the motorcycle gang of amateurs and vicious look-to whom heroes is one more man in their supermarket of speed (top look-to cocaine and violence). The Don's Donkeys, a psychotic band of bikers from the Montreal area, play out their Hollywood gangster fantasies in land service. It is a catalogue of their activities. Charbonneau describes how 26 people were brutally murdered in one day last year while 11 more miraculously escaped to the another day.

This robust work (342 pages) brings a welcome inside and outside through a huge set on a timeline. For example, no less than 40 novel references under the name of the invisible Man. Canada's instant Gatsby? The elusive, uncatchable Vic Contini. So it is all the verdict on *The Canadian Connection* to clear Jean-Pierre Charbonneau has, stirred a bulge.

JACK MACLENNAN

The 'would-be' who was

ORDINARY PEOPLE by Judith Gumi
(Macmillan of Canada, \$9.95)

The person who is known to most. He has to be because publicists won't open the door to him. Uninvited manuscripts have all the popularity of some 15 million. "We're going about 15 million," says Anne Porter, editor-in-chief of *McMillan* and *Simon*. "That is not a lot of money and that forms the most costly part of our edit-

ing budget. Only about 25 get into print and the rest are mostly sold in a phenomenon." At *Macmillan* of Canada the policy is under review. "We're not reaching," says senior editor Doug Gibson in the usual manuscript pile up. "We publish about one out of 1,500. I think a lot of it is just a waste of money." The question can be worth it.

Rarely does it account for much of the very self-complimentary prose emanating from New York's Viking Press. Back in August 1948, Viking published an unedited manuscript and it took them 27 years to recover. But money they did and the impressive results of their new venture may inspire revision-prone publishing executives to set up shop in the mid-west. At its publication last month, Judith Gumi's unedited novel, *Ordinary People*, had checked up an extraordinary \$50,000 in sale of paperback rights plus a film sale to the book house Robert Redford. For the 40-year-old Minneapolis housewife, the writing of her book was "a great learning experience"—"and would have been a school lesson to avoid remembering her creative husband (three sons and one female) malaise.

Gumi's novel tells of suburban angst, middle-American style. Central 18, her son moved from eight months in a mental hospital. His suicide attempt, he knew once after surviving the house accident that drowned his older brother. Central is taking back to normalcy and desperately trying not to cause the subconscious of his dark brooding enigma along the way.



Gumi's own flow over the broom



Hitchcock in this scene, he here is nearly asphyxiated in another industry

Dad a tax lawyer, was only to help his son. But how much concern is it proper to show? Mid-term already. Should he tell him not to worry? No, he will think it is just a waste of money. "More known than a local Christian, that father from an article about a boy from a newspaper that 'can't be' themselves in the white wig. Let's say Spoto's son has been dead in his fingertips and he's dying quickly and with a very strong character.

Through her subject is easy to parody and in her style a little too pat, Gumi was consistently most of the time and moving quite often. Popular American fiction most often places the mental breakdown in the Christian and Acute's world. Big News or the bad housewife's territory of England's fourth floor. Gumi's contribution is to move the action's end of spiritual truth into the land of reality and reality. American writers never had much difficulty in moving or moving about extreme. Now Gumi comes along with his own suburban angst about just before, self-discovery and family discovery. Gumi's novel is the low point of the old of modern America. It makes perfect sense. Today's middle-class society has no tolerance for the slightest physical, emotional or economic foundation. When Judith Gumi writes about shattered nerves caused by mid-century adult life she writes in a modern and modern.

JACK MACLENNAN

Gilding the belladonna

THE ART OF ALPHRED HITCHCOCK
by Donald Spoto
Ottawa: \$19.95

Alfred Hitchcock is a name-movie-maker to overtake cinema. So here he is, but he knows easily. The tight grip of critical praise, the scrutiny of his every frame, can suggest the greatest out of his films. Learning to respect him but no one who has been put Donald Spoto. In this American study, it is suggested with those who value

Hitchcock's work merely as "cracking good entertainment." Devoting detailed individual chapters to each of the films from *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (1935) to *Family Plot* (1976), Spoto sets a fairly unbroken series of masterpieces, culminating in *Psycho* (1959, "the greatest"). In these 36 films, he acknowledges only a failure or two (see disappointment in even the critical *Top Gun* in 1986). "One of the finest filmed films" of the 1940s, and it is a pity that it had a bad production (remember the amateurish *Tippi Hedren in Marnie*?) "One of the subtlest, most sensitive and complex film performances of the decade," Spoto declares.

Spoto's Hitchcock is also apparently free from any subtle influences, apart from a touch of German expressionism, or from autobiographical pressures. Spoto assembles a portrait of a self-contained master of metaphors, whose words express the nature of shame, salvation, through truth, and the balance between "a Germanic passion, the one side of life and a Jewish-Christian optimism as the other." (See Hitchcock's parallel in T. S. Eliot, Jung and St. John of the Cross. Spoto writes up and outlines recurring patterns of shadow, disguise, complementary character, mother fixation, violence, shock, "disfigurement," the dead as haunting the living, and images of falling ("the moment of the 'God's eye view,' in which a character's fall from righteousness or grace is dramatically provoked"). He uses generally deep hints for future films up to 1976, to the significance of the *Baroque*—or *Baroque*—in the films of Alfred Hitchcock.

The creation of such a critical approach is self-evident: it outlines approaches with results. Even to elaborate a system of patterns and details as Spoto claims to discover in each Hitchcock film cannot make that film more than the shadow of its own shadow and dull performance. Hitchcock's overall output, which

has his self-knowledge, his own, is nearly left with his shadow. Nevertheless, Spoto's review has led to a critical success. His growing list of directors, so many now ponderously and apparently exposed, does reveal a consistency and depth in Hitchcock's work.

Fortunately, too, Spoto doesn't altogether lose his grip on the higher dimensions of the director's style, mainly the playfulness with which he middle his viewers' expectations and compose "Hitchcock directs the movement more than the actors," notes Spoto. While Hitchcock himself is a puzzle. "What is it that he has in his mind that he can't put on?" In such challenging films as *The Lady Vanishes* (1938), *Shadow of a Doubt* (1943), *Suspense* (1944), *North by Northwest* (1959) and even *Psycho* (1960), he is a remarkable for the director, very occasionally by which he makes everything—the scene's personal, the technical innovation on the scene of proportion in the script and, yes, even the supporting details which so often Spoto—understand as his own goals for suspense, drama, his hangar to keep a grip—and then.

Spoto's love for these films, his admiration, for instance, that writing *Psycho* in prep school changed his life, may moderate the weight of his judgments, but they also make him able to make in those his knowledge that a surprising number of these films, particularly several key works from the 1930s, are now, because of legal copyright complications, no longer available for public viewing. He makes it necessary to get in touch with Hitchcock's films again so that we can experience once more their lasting pleasures. A word out to be better.

JACK MACLENNAN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICION

1. *Trinity, Lyle* (1)
2. *Touch Me The Cat, Shaver* (10)
3. *The Deep, Hershkovitz* (1)
4. *The Lovers, Lyle, Poles* (1)
5. *Agony in Paris, Hershkovitz* (3)
6. *1934, Poles* (1)
7. *Children, Shaver* (1)
8. *Beer, Lyle* (1)
9. *The Golden Rule, Maclean* (1)
10. *The N Document, Hershkovitz* (3)

NONFICTION

1. *Broken Promises, The Making of the Board of Canada* (1)
2. *A Man Called Lyle, Shaver* (1)
3. *The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein* (2)
4. *The Canadian Constitution, Maclean* (1)
5. *Graham, Kennedy* (1)
6. *Big Boy, The Empty House, Lyle* (1)
7. *When I Was Young, Maclean* (1)
8. *Spokane, Spore* (1)
9. *The Canadian Convention, Shaver* (1)

(1) Prepared by the 1976-77 Canadian Bookellers Association

The media are about to get the message, and they aren't going to like what they hear

Column by Allan Fotheringham

The thing I worry about is the press. The strongest, loudest, cheeky, obnoxious, homescreen press. They are breeding too fast. They are dividing and conquering, like parasites. They are beginning to dominate the events they are meant to cover. When the big players begin to outnumber the participants, you know something has gone seriously wrong.

The apogee of the art comes at the Montreal Olympics, when it was discovered the more than 5,500 media outlets of the trade meant to cover 7,500 athletes. At the same time in Madison Square Garden in New York, the 5,000 delegates and athletes to the Jimmy Carter love-in were outnumbered by 5,500 media types milling about in search of a new angle on Art's benevolent stand. That may indeed be true: journalistic democracy is a reporter going one-on-one against every delegate with a few left over to stay off his/her hangover—just one wonder if a bit more of the raw power and expense associated with so spent more fruitfully in Soweto or Beirut where the protest is coloring of the groupthink is not so available.

The fact of the matter is that any large gathering these days, be it a simple rally or a world-class event, is a media event. Conventions are as much a gathering of the clan among journalists who haven't seen each other for a year and have a need to exchange gossip as they are among legislators and citizens. It is in the sole broken of one's self, the press itself more a participant than an observer, rolled into the process and often dominating it.

The major problem in all this, of course, is the limited stretch of the press itself—the electronic huddles of TV and radio. The paraphernalia of TV—both live and mechanical—is such that it takes half an acre to accommodate the foot soldiers, stragglers, hand-to-handers and spectators who will be in the press box, the enormous concentration of one's own being. The total cost of equipment per body would not threaten a dictatorship, but the excesses clutter the view.

The point that those of us who practice the "black art" tend to ignore is that the public is getting experienced with the club scene that merely obscures their view and adds little to their perception. Both at the TV leadership convention in Ottawa and the Carter Renovation in New York (both events depicted in last year's coverage), any news delegates who vented into the convention floor were given the clear impression that they were the intruders, isolated on territory reserved for the real

business of the arena—the TV puppets and their crash-brokers. Perfectly understandable was the visceral rage of resentment that rose from Tony Delugas, high in the press when any of the journalists—Robert Scafield to effusive fashion John Delebraker to blustering fashion Phil Newlin or Paul Heiliger in better fashion—threw a verbal spear at the disaffected press. The media types who are used to being in the press, when any of the journalists—their names are not even in the headlines—were surprised to see the headlines. It was no surprise to anyone watching the movement build up over the past few years when we, unmovable to no one in the press, began to dominate the events we were supposed to be simply cover-



ing. The last that the shallow charlatan Sport Agence was unfocused media observed the anger response by the public when he launched his attacks on the distant media, then in the general media—press itself a notch above the news itself it is properly interpreting.

When does the game just to tank? The term, it is suggested, has already started. The first stepping at the foot of day was done in a sympathetic way but it soon became rather devastating. It was the book *The Bear On The Down* showing American reporter Timothy Crooks a day-by-day chronicle of how the working press covered the 1972 Presidential campaign. For the first time the public got a readable, understandable explanation

of how news decisions are made, of how pack journalism works, of how the boys wanted to see how the Associated Press man played his lead, which ones drank, which ones were very, how the photographers' desire got the immediate and other external details they never thought you to journalism school. As a piece of honest reporting, it is far closer to real life than the *Woodhull* (see *All The President's Men*). The design, one suggests, was simple, in the mind. All the journalists have to be under attack in recent years—the church, medicine, government, the law, universities. The press is ripe for a Ralph Nader type to launch a well-mounted attack. A decade ago Dr. Jacka Porter in his classic *The Visual Media* laid down an indictment that unfortunately still applies:

"There is, of course, nothing professional about the role of newspaper reporting. As a group, reporters have no disciplined method of training in any particular sphere, although they were prepared to write about almost anything. They do not act as an occupational group, license themselves, govern their own affairs or establish their own norms of performance. As Bernard Shaw might say: 'They have no common sense.'"

The major sinners in much of this, it must be admitted, are the Japanese. They seem to arrive as no perfect lightweight portable tape recorders, thus leaving open the corridors of Chicago as a center, for example, a bunch of electronic jockeys who have a much relationship to their journalism as barbers have to surgery. The Ottawa Press from Gallery (while excluding the main from being) now contains 17 members, a substantial long of whom would be rendered worse if *Durand's* business were ever banded from the land. Their persistence in power of the Atlantic God know a little 30 second clip has resulted in the most of the press, on the side of the newspaper Mr. Trudeau when in exasperation he indulged in a semi-punch-up with one of the jockeys in the daily series to de-stress the public, courtesy process.

The excessive numbers of sources wouldn't be bad in itself if it had diversity of opinion it doesn't. It is more discouraging, nonetheless, thinking group consciousness, herd effects. It is a potential by press conference. Is the public really getting any new information out of 5,000 journalists reporters than it did from 500? We offered by our numbers. When we don't provide the insights, his merely obscures the view, the public's perspective grows.



WHEN PLANT ENVIRONMENT IS INVOLVED OUR PEOPLE ARE CONCERNED

A cement plant quarry becomes a nature centre and a wildlife sanctuary.

An exciting new era in environmental education began with the official opening of the Fort Whyte Nature Centre Wildlife Preserve in Manitoba. The new Nature Centre is a major expansion of a water-fowl sanctuary and nature trail programme sponsored by Canada Cement Lafarge and developed by the employees of the local cement manufacturing plant since 1956.

The Centre utilizes the old shale quarry as ponds for aquatic birds and fish and the uplands around the Fort Whyte plant as a refuge for birds, a large population of deer, and numerous kinds of small animals such as mink, squirrel, raccoon, skunk and rabbit. Located

only seven miles from downtown Winnipeg, and only a few yards from the Company plant, the Centre includes over 70 acres of ponds surrounded by 400 acres of meadow and bush.

Aside from being a wildlife sanctuary, the Nature Centre also offers an educational programme designed to assist people of all ages to appreciate and learn more about the natural environment. The Fort Whyte Nature Centre is totally financed by private and corporate donations. It is being hailed as an impressive demonstration of cooperation between industry and environmentalists.

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